



FROM "PUNCH"

"SOCIETY"

PICTURES



DRAWN BY

GEO. DU MAURIER

Anno 1778.

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SOCIETY PICTURES

FROM "PUNCH."



DRAWN BY

GEORGE DU MAURIER.



1878.

MUSIC AT HOME.

Hostess (to New Footman, after the Guests have departed). "By the bye, James, you brought in the Tea just as Signor Papagenuccio began to sing. How could you make such a mistake as that?"

New Footman. "Beg pardon, Ma'am, but the company never left off talking till the singing began, and I was afraid of interrupting the conversation."

SOCIETY PICTURES

BY

GEORGE DU MAURIER

SELECTED FROM "PUNCH"

PART ONE.

LONDON:

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THE HEIGHT OF MAGNIFICENCE.

1880.

Sir Gorgius Midas. "HULLO! WHERE'S ALL THE REST OF YER GONE TO?"

Head Footman. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR GORGIUS, AS IT WAS PAST TWO O'CLOCK, AND WE DIDN'T KNOW FOR CERTAIN WHETHER YOU WAS COMING BACK HERE, OR GOING TO SLEEP IN THE CITY, THE HOTHER FOOTMEN THOUGHT THEY MIGHT GO TO BED——"

Sir Gorgius. "'THOUGHT THEY MIGHT GO TO BED,' DID THEY? A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS, INDEED! SO THAT IF I'D A' APPENDED TO BROUGHT 'OME A FRIEND, THERE'D A' ONLY BEEN YOU FOUR TO LET US HIN, HAY!"



A CONSCIENTIOUS ARTIST.

1880.

A CONSCIENTIOUS ARTIST.

The Dean. "MR. SNIPPE, I WANT YOU TO MAKE MY SON A HUNTING SUIT; JUST WHAT YOU USED TO MAKE FOR ME, YOU KNOW."

Clerical Tailor. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MR. DEAN. MAY I INQUIRE IF THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN IS IN HOLY ORDERS?"

The Dean. "No."

Clerical Tailor. "AH! TO BE ORDAINED SHORTLY, I SUPPOSE?"

The Dean. "No, no; HE'S NOT THINKING OF ANYTHING OF THE KIND."

Clerical Tailor. "THEN I'M SORRY TO SAY I MUST DECLINE THE ORDER, MR. DEAN!"



TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

1880.

Gwendoline. "UNCLE GEORGE SAYS EVERY WOMAN OUGHT TO HAVE A PROFESSION, AND I THINK HE'S QUITE RIGHT!"

Mamma. "INDEED! AND WHAT PROFESSION DO YOU MEAN TO CHOOSE?"

Gwendoline. "I MEAN TO BE A PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY!"

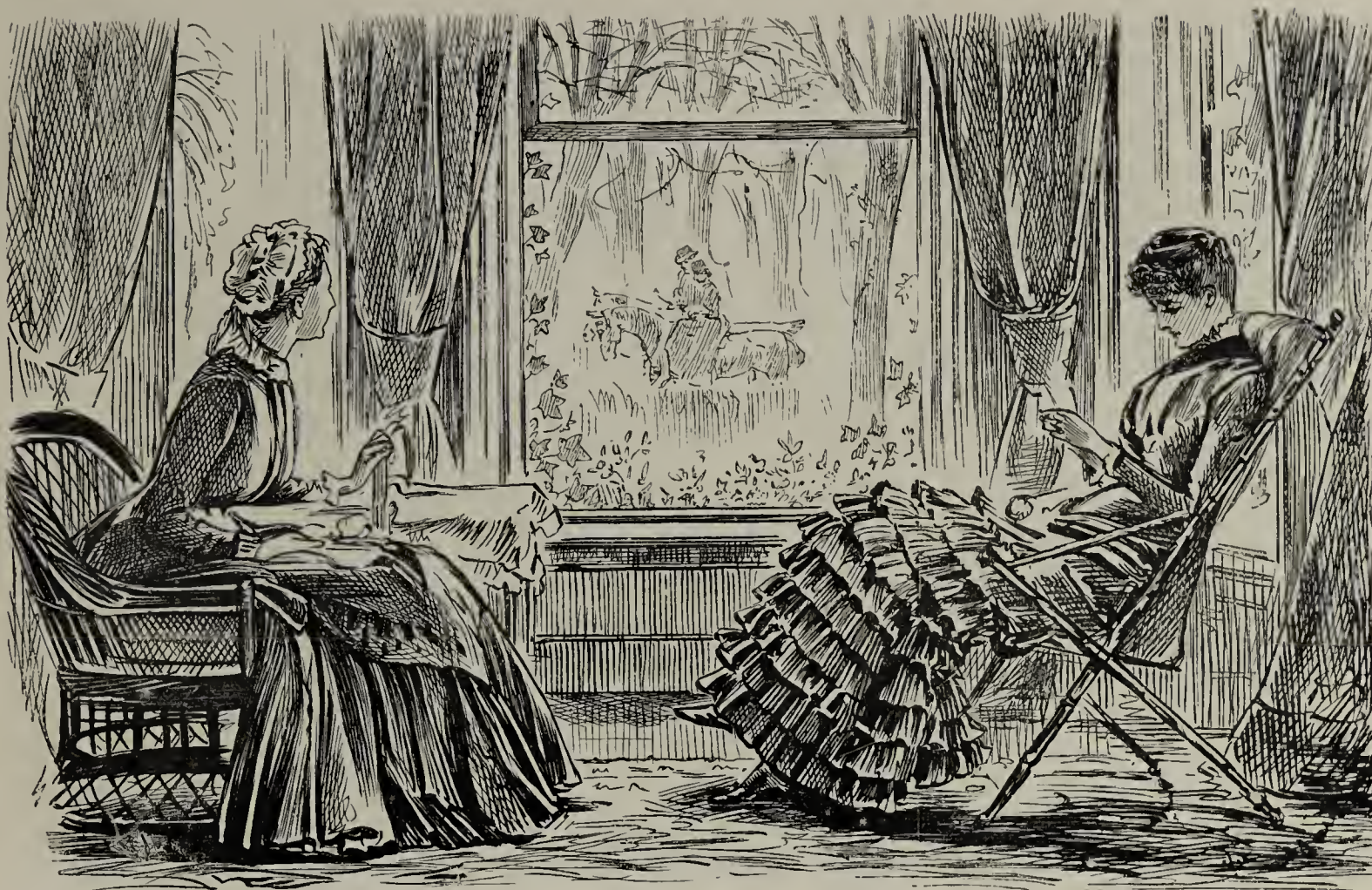


AN INCOMPLETE AMUSEMENT.

1878.

The Squire. "WELL, MOSSOO LE BARRONG, HOW DID YOU LIKE THE MEET OF THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS THIS MORNING?"

Distinguished Frenchman. "O VER MUCH! ZE PAYSAGE IT VOS BEAUTIFUL; ZE LADIES, ZEY VARE SHARMEENGs; AND ZE COSTUMES VARE ADORABLES! BUT—ZARE VOS NO PROMENADE!—NO BAND OF MUSIC!—NOSSING!"



THE STRAIGHT TIP.

1884.

"AND SO NOW THEY'RE ENGAGED! WELL, JESSIE, TO THINK OF YOU, WITH YOUR BEAUTY AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS, AND YOUR LOVELY VOICE, BEING CUT OUT BY SUCH AN IGNORANT LITTLE FRIGHT AS THAT MAGGIE QUICKSON! YOU SANG TO HIM, I SUPPOSE?"

"YES, MAMMA, BY THE HOUR! BUT SHE MADE HIM SING, YOU KNOW, AND PLAYED HIS ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR HIM!"

"WHY, CAN HE SING?"

"NO, MAMMA; BUT SHE MADE HIM BELIEVE HE COULD!"



FILIA PULCHRA, MATER PULCHRIOR.

1882.

"OH, PAPA DEAR! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO CHAPERON ME! I NEVER GET A PARTNER WHEN MAMMA COMES!"



FELINE AMENITIES.

1886

"LOOK, DEAR! THERE'S YOUR HUSBAND GOING IN TO SUPPER WITH MRS. SCUDAMORE—A DANGEROUSLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN. LET ME WARN YOU!"

"HOW GOOD OF YOU! HOW I WISH HE WAS GOING IN TO SUPPER WITH YOU, DEAR, INSTEAD!"



"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."—(TALKING OVER THE BALL.)

1885.

Cousin Sophia (talented and accomplished). "YES; I LIKE MR. FIBSON, HE'S SO SENSIBLE. HE TOLD ME HE DIDN'T CARE A RAP FOR UNINTELLECTUAL WOMEN, HOWEVER BEAUTIFUL THEY MIGHT BE!"

Cousin Bella (only pretty). "DID HE, REALLY? WHY, HE TOLD ME HE COULDN'T BEAR INTELLECTUAL WOMEN! HE SAID WOMAN'S MISSION WAS TO BE BEAUTIFUL!"



AN EYE FOR ESSENTIALS.

1886.

Mamma (House-hunting for the Season). "IT'S A GOOD HOUSE FOR A DANCE, EMILY!"

Emily. "THE ROOMS ARE RATHER SMALL, AREN'T THEY?"

Mamma (who knows how Matches are made). "YES; BUT WHAT A CAPITAL STAIRCASE!"



LAYING IT ON TOO THICK.

1885.

"HOW LOVELY YOUR WIFE IS LOOKING TO-DAY, SIR GEORGE! I'VE BEEN ADMIRING HER ALL THE AFTERNOON!"

"A—A—SHE'S ONLY JUST COME!"



A DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

1876.

Stern Hostess (who is giving Private Theatricals). "YOU ARE VERY LATE, MR. FITZ SMYTHE. THEY'VE BEGUN LONG AGO!"
Languid Person of Importance (who abominates that particular form of Entertainment). "WHAT! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THEY'RE AT IT STILL!"



AN EQUIVOCAL COMPLIMENT.

1882.

"I'M SO GLAD TO MEET YOU HERE, CAPTAIN SPINKS—AND SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE ME IN TO DINNER!" (*Captain S. is delighted.*) "YOU'RE ABOUT THE ONLY MAN IN THE ROOM MY HUSBAND ISN'T LIKELY TO BE JEALOUS OF!"
[Captain Spinks's delight is no longer unmixed.]



SOME PEOPLE LIKE IT
LAID ON WITH A
TROWEL.

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns.
"DEAR LADY GULPS, HOW
CHARMINGLY MISS GULPS
PLAYS!"

*Mrs. Soapley (who knows
perfectly well).* "WHAT! IS
THAT LOVELY CHILD AT THE
PIANO YOUR DAUGHTER,
LADY GULPS! TO BE SURE
I OUGHT TO HAVE GUESSED
IT FROM THE LIKENESS!
BUT TO THINK THAT YOU'VE
ALREADY GOT A DAUGHTER
SO GROWN UP!"

Lady Gulps. "SHE'S MY
GRAND-DAUGHTER, IF YOU
PLEASE! BY THE BYE, MRS.
SOAPLEY, THE BISHOP AND
LADY SELINA ARE COMING
TO DINE WITH ME ON
WEDNESDAY. IT WILL GIVE
ME SO MUCH PLEASURE IF
YOU," &c., &c., &c.

*[Mrs. P. de T. not in it
this time!]*

SOME PEOPLE LIKE IT LAID ON WITH A TROWEL.

1884.



OVER-SCRUPULOUS.

"MY HUSBAND IS VICAR
OF ST. BONIFACE—BUT I
DON'T ATTEND HIS CHURCH."

"INDEED! HOW IS
THAT?"

"THE FACT IS, I—I
DON'T APPROVE OF MARRIED
CLERGYMEN!"

OVER-SCRUPULOUS.

1884.

1—C



RATHER A LARGE ORDER.

Mrs. P. de T. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR DUCHESS! OH, BY THE WAY, MAY I BRING VON HUMM TO YOU TO-MORROW NIGHT? HE'S THE GREAT ORGANIST, YOU KNOW!"

Her Grace. "BY ALL MEANS! AND TELL HIM TO BRING HIS INSTRUMENT WITH HIM."

RATHER A LARGE ORDER.

1884



A DRAMA OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

BY MEANS OF HIS FACE AND ATTITUDE, JONES FLATTERS HIMSELF HE CAN EXPRESS THE DEEPEST INTEREST IN THE CONVERSATION OF A *BORE*, WHILE IN REALITY HIS ATTENTION IS FIXED ON WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOME OTHER PART OF THE ROOM.

JUST AT PRESENT, OLD MRS. MARRABLE IS RELATING TO JONES THE HARROWING DETAILS OF HER LATE LAMENTED'S LAST ILLNESS—WHILE CAPTAIN SPINKS IS POPPING THE QUESTION TO CLARA WILLOUGHBY BEHIND ONE OF CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS—AND JONES HAS NO DOUBT BUT THAT HIS FACE AND ATTITUDE ARE ALL MRS. M. COULD WISH.

A DRAMA OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

1879.



1881.

LADY GATHEREMALL AT HOME.

(Informal Introductions are best—especially when formal ones are not forthcoming.)

Ponsonby de Tomkyns (to Mrs. P. de T., who is artfully protruding a tiny foot). "WHAT'S THE GOOD? HIS ALL SERENITY'S AS BLIND AS A BAT. HE'LL ONLY TREAD ON IT!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "I MEAN HIM TO!"

Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "WHAT FOR?"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "WHY, HE'LL HAVE TO APOLOGISE, YOU GOOSE, AND THEN——BUT THERE, LEAVE IT ALL TO ME, THERE'S A DARLING!"

[The august foreigner falls into the pretty little trap, and success crowns Mrs. P. de T.'s endeavours.]



1878.

MUSIC AT HOME.

Rubini Brown (who has just sung his famous Barcarole, his only song). "How d'ye do, Mrs. Chatterleigh? I suppose you have just come?"

Mrs. Chatterleigh. "OH DEAR NO! I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE FOR THE LAST HOUR, LISTENING TO THE LOVELY MUSIC. I DO HOPE YOU ARE GOING TO SING US THAT EXQUISITE BARCAROLE OF YOURS!"



THE REWARD OF SYMPATHY.

Young Genius (who has had all the talk to himself, and, as usual, all about himself). "WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR MRS. MELTHAM. IT ALWAYS DOES ME GOOD TO COME AND SEE YOU! I HAD SUCH A HEADACHE WHEN I CAME, AND NOW I'VE QUITE LOST IT."

Mrs. Meltham. "OH IT'S NOT LOST. I'VE GOT IT!"

THE REWARD OF SYMPATHY.

1886.



"OLD FRIENDS"—HOW TO SNUB THEM.

1884.

Mrs. MacSmythe (who has got into a New Set). "OH—ER—HOW D'YE DO? SO SORRY I COULDN'T COME TO YOU AND THE GIRLS LAST NIGHT. HAD TO GO TO MRS. MASHAM'S!"

Mrs. Fitzjones (her oldest Friend). "INDEED! I HOPE IT WAS A PLEASANT PARTY!"

Mrs. MacSmythe. "OH, VERY MUCH SO! EVERYBODY ONE KNOWS WAS THERE, YOU KNOW!"

A FLOWER OF FASHION.

Fashionable Milliner.
"YOU'LL HAVE THE FLOWER ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE BONNET, OF COURSE, MADAM?"

Fashionable Lady.
"WELL — ER — NO ! THE FACT IS, THERE'S A PILLAR ON THE LEFT SIDE OF MY PEW IN CHURCH, SO THAT ONLY THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY HEAD IS SEEN BY THE CONGREGATION. OF COURSE I COULD CHANGE MY PEW!"

Fashionable Lady's Husband. "YA — AS. OR EVEN THE CHURCH, YOU KNOW, IF NECESSARY."

[Fashionable Milliner considers the point.]



A FLOWER OF FASHION.

1874.

OUR MUSICAL DUCHESS GOES IN FOR PARISIAN CHANSONNETTES.

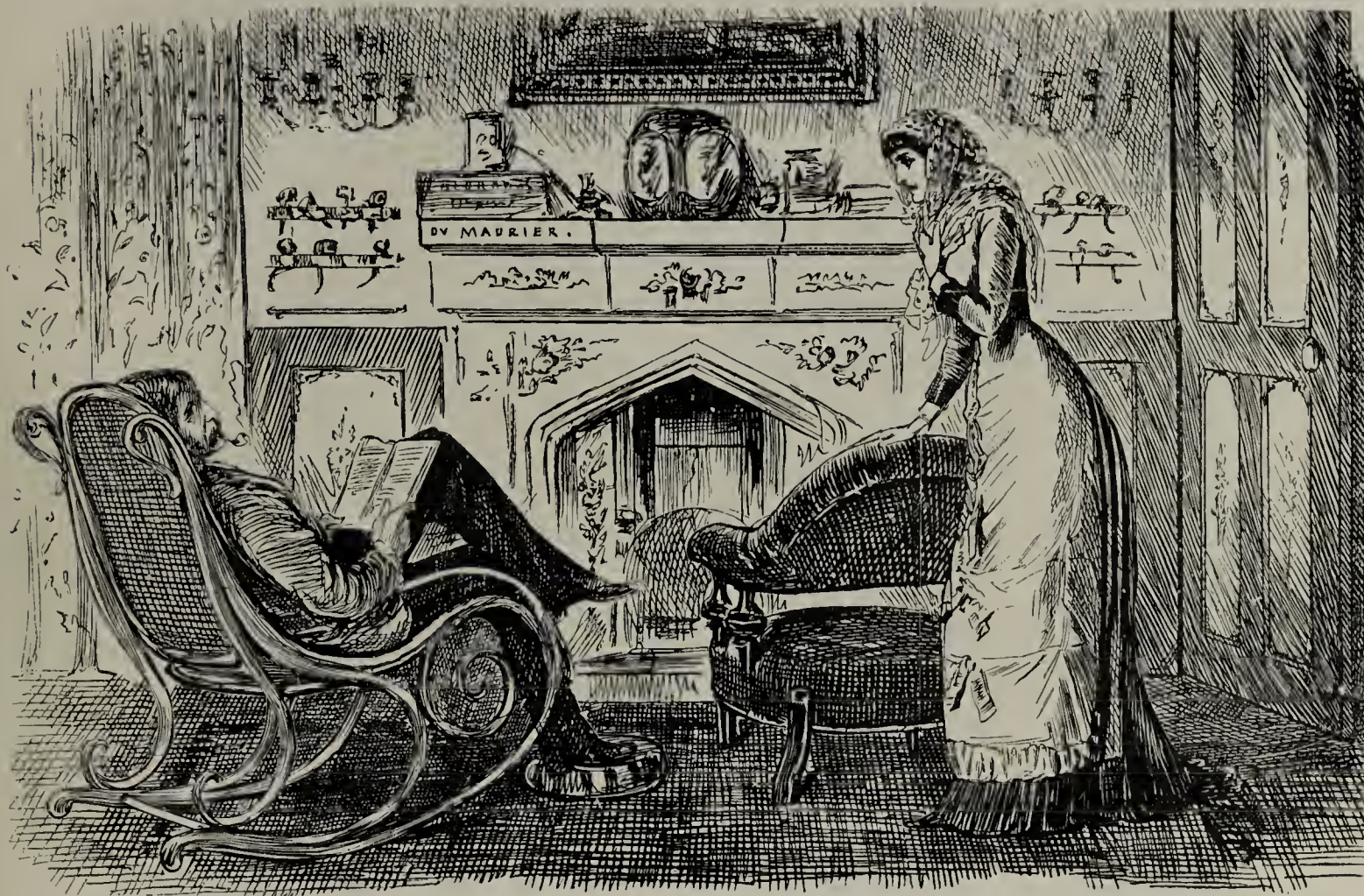
The Teacher (interrupting Her Grace's Rehearsal of "Coco chez sa Cousine").
"NON — NON — C'EST PAS COMME ÇA ! ECOUTEZ, MADAME LA DUCHESSE ! TO 'AV SUCCÈS, AND MAKE LAUGH CES MESSIEURS, YOU MUST BE DRÔLE ! — AND TO BE DRÔLE, YOU MUST FORGET YOU ARE LADY, PARBLEU ! AND BECOME CANAILLE — VAT YOU CALL 'JOLLY CAD,' YOU KNOW ! LOOK AT ME ! I 'AV NO VOICE ! I AM NOT MUSICAL ! AND YET YOU PAY ME TWO SOUSAND FRANC TO SING AT YOUR CONCERT ! ET POURQUOI ? VY ? SIMPLY BECAUSE — (IT IS NO MERIT, FOR I VAS BORN SO) — SIMPLY BECAUSE I AM FERRANCHEMENT CANAILLE ! ET VOILÀ !" [Winks knowingly.]

Her Grace. "OH, DO HAVE PATIENCE WITH ME, DEAR MADAME RIGOLOT ! I'M SURE I SHALL CATCH IT IN TIME !"



OUR MUSICAL DUCHESS GOES IN FOR PARISIAN CHANSONNETTES.

1881.



AN ALTERNATIVE.

1873.

AN ALTERNATIVE.

(Time, 9 P.M.)

"CHARLES, LOVE, LADY LEDBURY IS AT HOME TO-NIGHT, AND MRS. GELASMA HAS A CONCERT, AND THERE'S THE DUCHESS OF IPSWICH'S DANCE. NOW, ARE WE GOING TO THESE PLACES, OR NOT! FOR IF WE ARE, IT IS TIME FOR ME TO GO AND DRESS; AND IF WE ARE NOT, IT IS TIME FOR ME TO PUT A MUSTARD-PLASTER ON MY CHEST, SOME FLANNEL ROUND MY THROAT, AND GO STRAIGHT OFF TO BED!"



UNSEEMLY INTERRUPTION.

1879.

UNSEEMLY INTERRUPTION.

The New Footman (stentoriously).
"MRS. MONTGOMERY JENKINS'S CARRIAGE!"

Mrs. Montgomery Jenkins. "A—TELL THE COACHMAN TO WAIT."

New Footman.
"PLEASE, MA'AM, HE SAYS HE CAN'T. HE SAYS HE'S GOT ANOTHER JOB AT TWENTY MINNITS PAST ELEVEN!"



AWKWARD.

1877.

Algernon Fitztopsawyer (who has not caught his Partner's name). "ARE YOU—A—GOING TO THE 'PIGSTYE'?"
His Partner (by name 'Miss Hogge,' whose Parents are about to give a great Ball). "OH, YES! I AM ONE OF THE LITTER!"



FELINE AMENITIES.

1887.

"NOW WHICH OF THESE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOU MAY I HAVE, DEAREST? THE BEAUTIFUL ONE, OR THE ONE AS I KNOW YOU?"



REFLECTED GLORY.

1885.

Visitor. "AND WHO ARE YOU, MY LITTLE MAN?"

Cuthbert (with conscious pride). "I'M THE BABY'S BROTHER!"



EXTREMES MEETING.

1885.

The Major (to Nephew, who wants taking down a bit, he thinks). "WHAT! YOU HERE, PERCY! AIN'T YOU RATHER YOUNG TO BE GOING TO BALLS?"

Percy. "WHAT, AND YOU HERE TOO, UNCLE! WHY, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D GIVEN UP THIS KIND OF THING LONG AGO!"



A GALLANT REPLY.

1882.

Miss Lucy. "HERE'S WHERE YOU AND I ARE TO SIT, MAJOR!"
The Major. "BY JOVE!—A—RATHER A WARM PLACE!"

Miss Lucy. "WHAT—YOU A MAJOR, AND CAN'T STAND FIRE!"
The Major. "NOT AT MY BACK, YOU KNOW MISS LUCY!"



A SPECIALITY.

1882.

A SPECIALITY.

"HANG IT, YOU'VE GOT AN UMBRELLA OF YOUR OWN. WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU STICK IT UP?"

"NOT IF I KNOW IT, OLD MAN! THIS UMBRELLA WAS DONE UP LAST MAY BY MONTY BRABAZON, AND HAS NEVER BEEN OPENED SINCE!"

"MONTY BRABAZON? WHO'S HE?"

"NOT KNOW LORD MONTAGUE BRABAZON? WHY HE'S ABOUT THE ONLY MAN IN LONDON WHO REALLY KNOWS HOW TO DO UP AN UMBRELLA!"

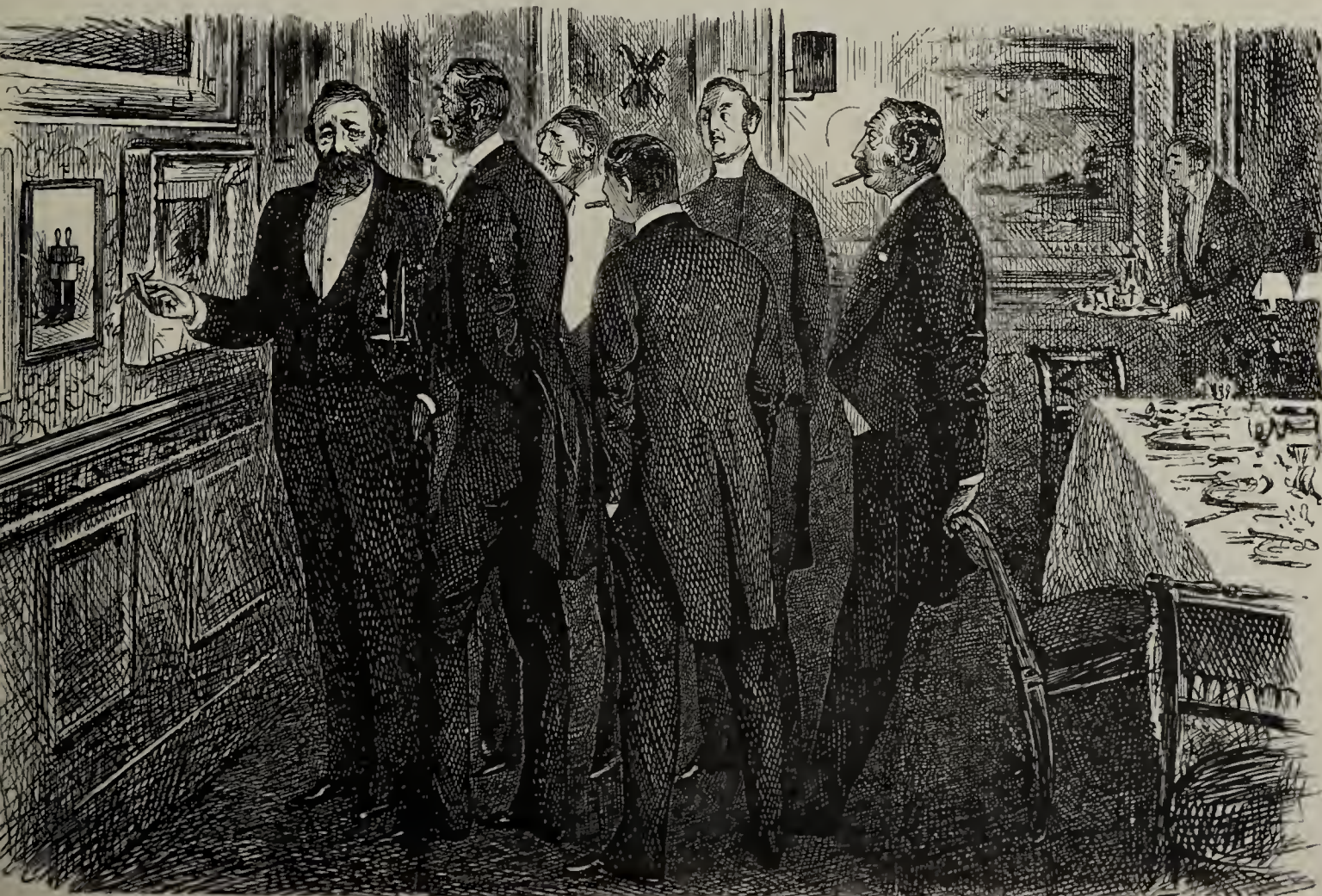


MUSIC AT HOME—WITH A VENGEANCE.

1882.

Lady Midas. "HOW CHARMINGLY YOU PLAY, HARE LEEBART! DEAR MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S MUST REALLY BRING YOU DOWN TO PLAY TO US AT MIDAS TOWERS, OUR PLACE IN SURREY, YOU KNOW, AND—I WILL SHOW YOU MY ROSES, THE FINEST ROSES IN ALL ENGLAND! WILL THURSDAY SUIT YOU?"

Herr Leibhardt. "YOU ARE FERRY VRENTLY, MATÂME! POT I HAF A VIFE AND ZIX JILTREN, AND—ZEY TO NOT LIF UPON RÔSES!"

DISTINGUISHED
AMATEURS.
THE PAINTER.

Royal Academician (politely, as becomes an honoured guest). "AH, NOW THIS IS FAR AND AWAY THE BEST OF YOUR WORKS, MAJOR DIGBY! AND THAT IS SAYING A GREAT DEAL!"

Distinguished Amateur. "OH—A—WELL—THIS IS NOT BY ME. IT'S BY A POOR YOUNG LAD I KNOW, WHO'S APPRENTICED TO MY BOOTMAKER. BUT SINCE YOU THINK SO HIGHLY OF HIS FIRST ATTEMPT, HE'D BETTER GIVE UP HIS TRADE AND GO IN FOR ART AS A PROFESSION—EH?"

Royal Academician. "OH—A—UM—EH? THAT ALTERS THE CASE, YOU KNOW. ON THE WHOLE, I SHOULD STRONGLY RECOMMEND YOUR YOUNG FRIEND TO STICK TO BOOTMAKING!"

[*Distinguished Amateur* is extinguished, and R.A. feels he has added to the list of things he ought to have left unsaid.]

DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PAINTER.

1882.

OF THE WORLD
WORLDLY.

(SCENE—The Entrance Hall of Sir Gorgius Midas's London residence.)

Mamma. "ENFIN, MY LOVE! WE'RE WELL OUT OF THIS!! WHAT A GANG!!! WHERE SHALL WE GO NEXT?"

Daughter. "TO LADY OSCAR TALBOT'S, MAMMA?"

Mamma. "SHE SNUBS ONE SO! I REALLY CAN'T BEAR IT! LET US GO TO MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S. IT'S JUST AS SELECT (EXCEPT FOR THE HOST AND HOSTESS), AND QUITE AS AMUSING."

Daughter. "BUT MRS. TOMKYN'S SNUBS ONE WORSE THAN LADY OSCAR, MAMMA!"

Mamma. "POOH, MY LOVE! WHO CARES FOR THE SNUBS OF A MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW, SO LONG AS SHE'S CLEVER ENOUGH TO GET THE RIGHT PEOPLE!"



OF THE WORLD WORLDLY.

1879.

HERR PROFESSOR'S
FIRST AND LAST
APPEARANCE AT
MRS. PONSONBY DE
TOMKYN'S'S.

Herr Professor (with sudden impulse, to Ducal Amateur, whom he was accompanying in "Deeper and Deeper still"). "JAKE HANTS, MY TALÉNTFUL YOONG VRENT! I HAF NEFFER PEVORE HEART ZAT NOPLE RECIDADEF ZUNG ZO VELL TO EGGSCHBRESS ZE VORRTS!"

Ducal Amateur (who, occasionally, sings a little out of tune). "A—YOU—A—FLATTER ME, I FEAR!"

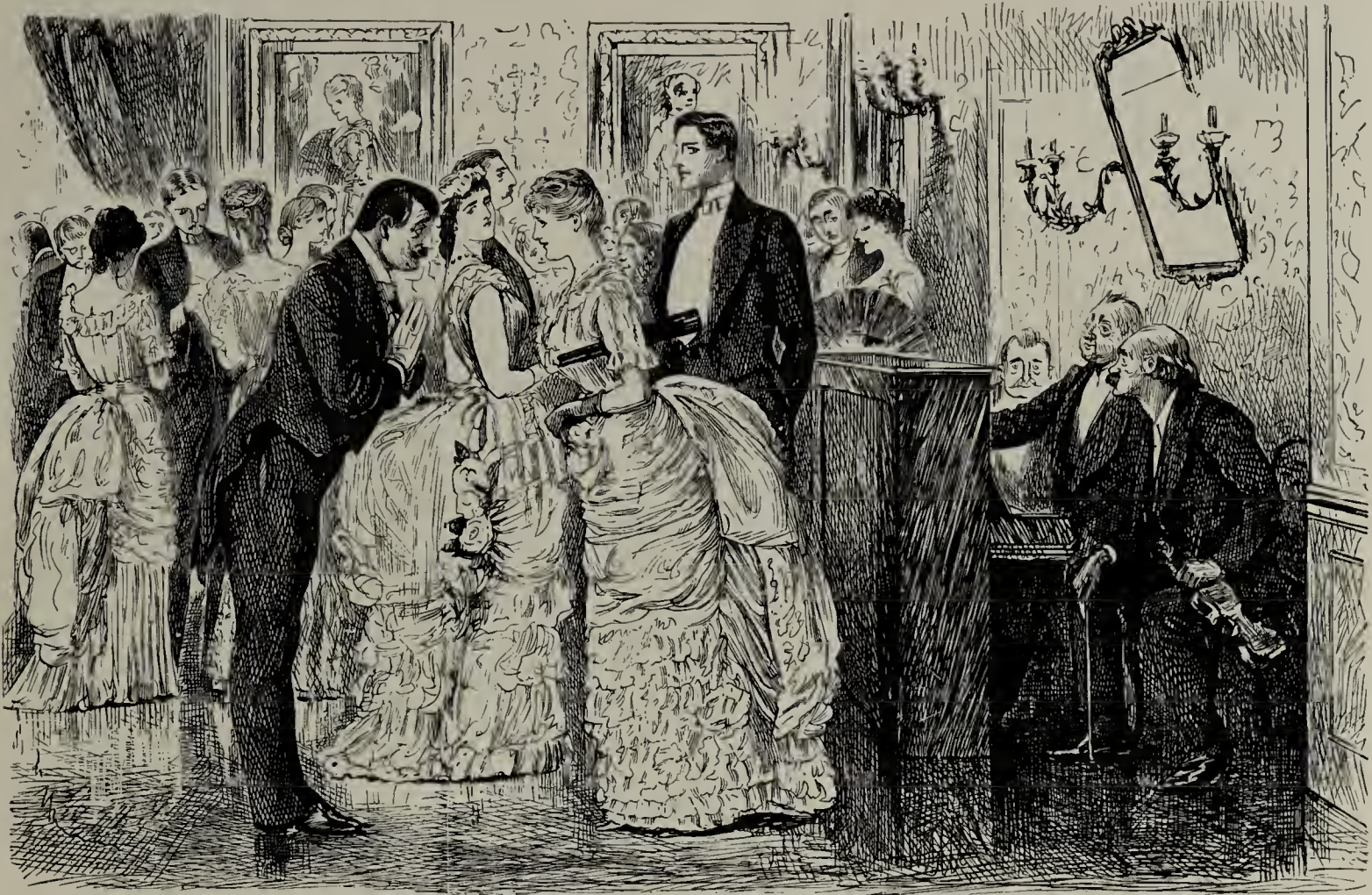
Herr Professor. "ACH, NÔ! VY, YOU GOMMENCED IT MORE OR LESS IN B, YOU GONDINUED IT ZOMEYHERE APOUT B VLAT, AND YOU VINISHT IT ALMÔST IN A!—AND ALL ZE VILE I VASS BLAYING ZE AGGOMBANIMENT IN C!! NOW, ZAT IS 'TEEPER AND TEEPER SCHTILL, AND NO MISCH-DAKE! JAKE HANTS!!"

[The witty Professor is very proud of his "liddle pid of vun," and is always "voondering vy zat schveet Mrs. Bunsenpy te Dombgyns has gombledly tropped him!"]



HERR PROFESSOR'S FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE AT MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S'S.

1882.



AN OLLENDORFF WANTED.

1884.

Fascinating Parisian. "OH! MISS MARY! VEUILLEZ M'ACCORDER ENCORE UNE VALSE, JE VOUS EN SUPPLIE!"

Jealous Briton (sotto voce). "SAY YOU'RE ENGAGED FOR ALL THE REST OF THE EVENING."

Miss Mary. "OH, JE SUIS SI FÂCHÉE, MONSIEUR, MAIS JE SUIS FIANCÉE POUR TOUT LA RESTE DE LA SOIRÉE!"

[Monsieur goes home and writes a Chapter on the temporary nature of English betrothals.]



A DILEMMA.

1879.

A DILEMMA.

"WHAT ARE YOU PUZZLING OVER, PONSONBY?"

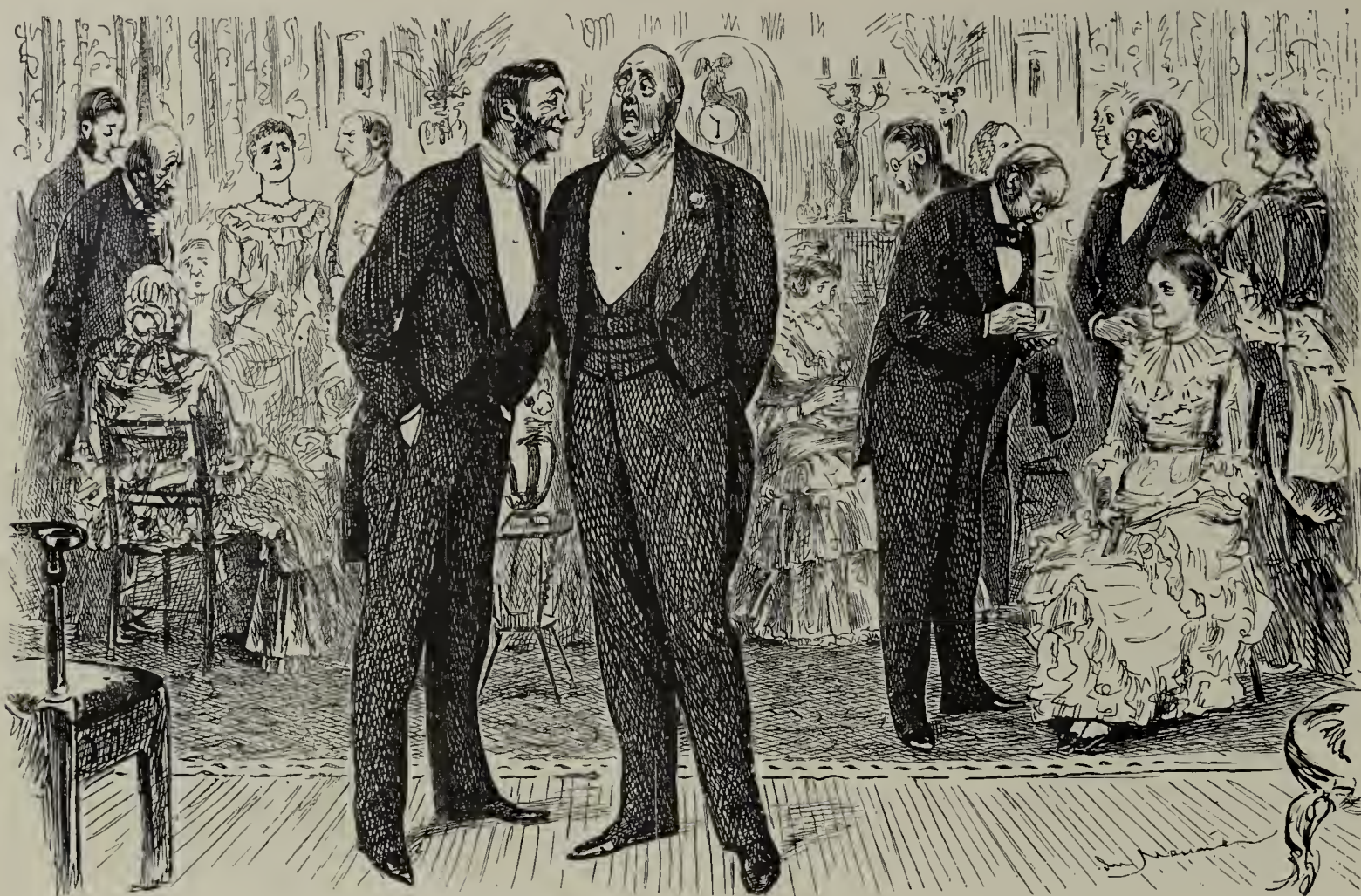
"I'M TRYING TO ANSWER A NOTE FROM THE 'DEAR DUCHESS,' AS YOU CALL HER. SHE'S DONE ME THE HONOUR TO WRITE AND ASK IF THAT ST. BERNARD PUP I GAVE HER SHOULD BE FED ON MEAT OR BISCUITS?"

"WELL, BISCUITS, SHOULDN'T IT?"

"OF COURSE. BUT SHE SPELLS BISCUITS WITH A K, YOU SEE, AND I DON'T LIKE TO SPELL IT PROPERLY FOR FEAR OF HURTING HER GRACE'S FEELINGS; AND YET I DON'T WANT IT TO GET ABOUT THAT I SPELL BISCUITS WITH A K."

"SAY MEAT, THEN!"

"BUT SHE SPELLS MEAT WITH TWO E'S!!"



MISPLACED AND UNCALLED-FOR CONFIDENCES.

1882.

Festive Host (who has been told by his Wife to make himself agreeable). "UNCOMMON SLOW, AIN'T IT, SIR POMPEY? FACT IS, MY WIFE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE RATHER FUN TO ASK ALL THE BORES WHO'VE ASKED US, AND GET 'EM TO MEET EACH OTHER, AND PAY THEM OFF IN THAT WAY, YOU KNOW! AND SHE DID, BY JOVE! AND THE BEST OF IT IS, THEY'VE ALL COME!!!!!!"



HYPERCRITICISM.

1879.

Grace (whispering). "WHAT LOVELY BOOTS YOUR PARTNER'S GOT, MARY!"
Mary (ditto). "YES, UNFORTUNATELY HE SHINES AT THE WRONG END."



A BAD ENDING.

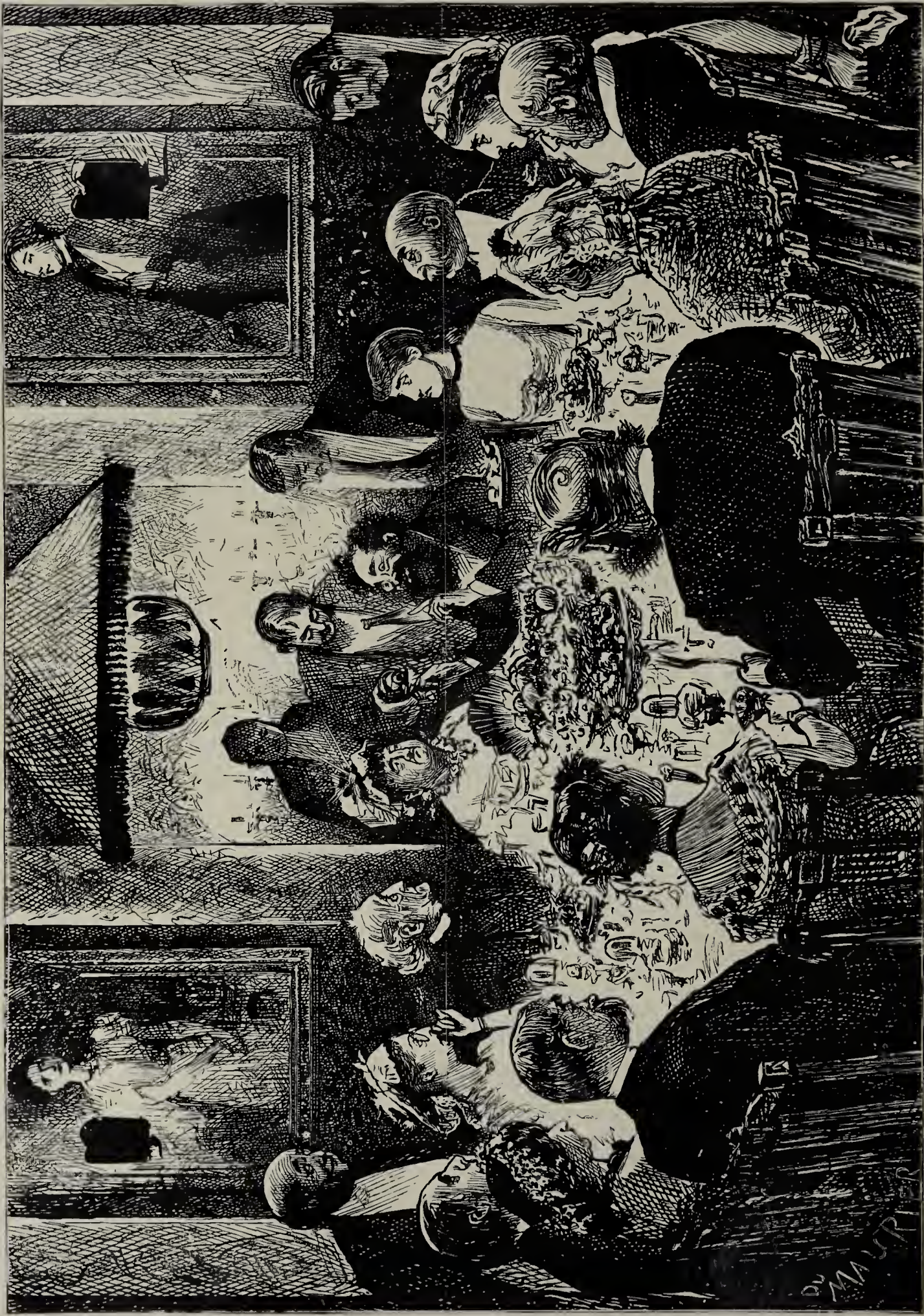
1882.

"WELL, WILLIAM, WHAT'S BECOME OF ROBERT?"

"WHAT, 'AVEN'T YOU 'EARD, SIR?"

"NO! NOT *DEFUNCT*, I HOPE!"

"THAT'S JUST EXACTLY WHAT HE 'AS DONE, SIR, AND WALKED OFF
WITH HEVERYTHING HE COULD LAY HIS 'ANDS ON!"



1880.

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO TALK OF STICKING TO YOUR OLD FRIENDS, WHETHER THEY BE PROSPEROUS OR THE REVERSE! BUT WHAT IF THEY RESEMBLE BILLY SCATCHERD, FOR INSTANCE? YOU ASK B. S. TO DINNER, TO MEET YOUR RESPECTED FATHER-IN-LAW (THE DEAN), AND GENERAL JENKINSON, AND THE MEMBER FOR HORNSEY, AND, WORST OF ALL, SIR GORGIUS MIDAS AND MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYNs—NOT TO MENTION THE BETTER HALVES OF THESE IMPORTANT PEOPLE—AND DEAR OLD BILLY, WHO HATES HUMBUG, AND SCORNS WORLDLY SUCCESS, AND STILL PAWNS HIS WATCH TO PAY HIS RENT, INSISTS ON REMINDING YOU ACROSS THE TABLE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN YOU USED TO DO THE SAME; AND AS A PIQUANT SET-OFF AGAINST YOUR PRESENT SPLENDOR, TELLS THAT CAPITAL STORY OF HOW YOU MANAGED TO GO TICK FOR A WHOLE TWELVEMONTH AT A CERTAIN TRIPE AND TROTTER SHOP IN DRURY LANE, AND THEN SETTLED THE BILL WITH A HAT AND COAT YOUR GRANDMOTHER LENT YOU TO GO TO YOUR GRANDFATHER'S FUNERAL—AND ALL THIS WITH THE SERVANTS IN THE ROOM, CONFOUND HIM! AND THAT SPIFUL LITTLE BOHEMIAN MINX, MRS. SCATCHERD, GOBELING AWAY FOR THE WEEK BEFORE AND THE WEEK TO COME, AND REVELLING IN YOUR WIFE'S BLACK LOOKS AT YOU!



A REASON FOR CALLING.

1875.

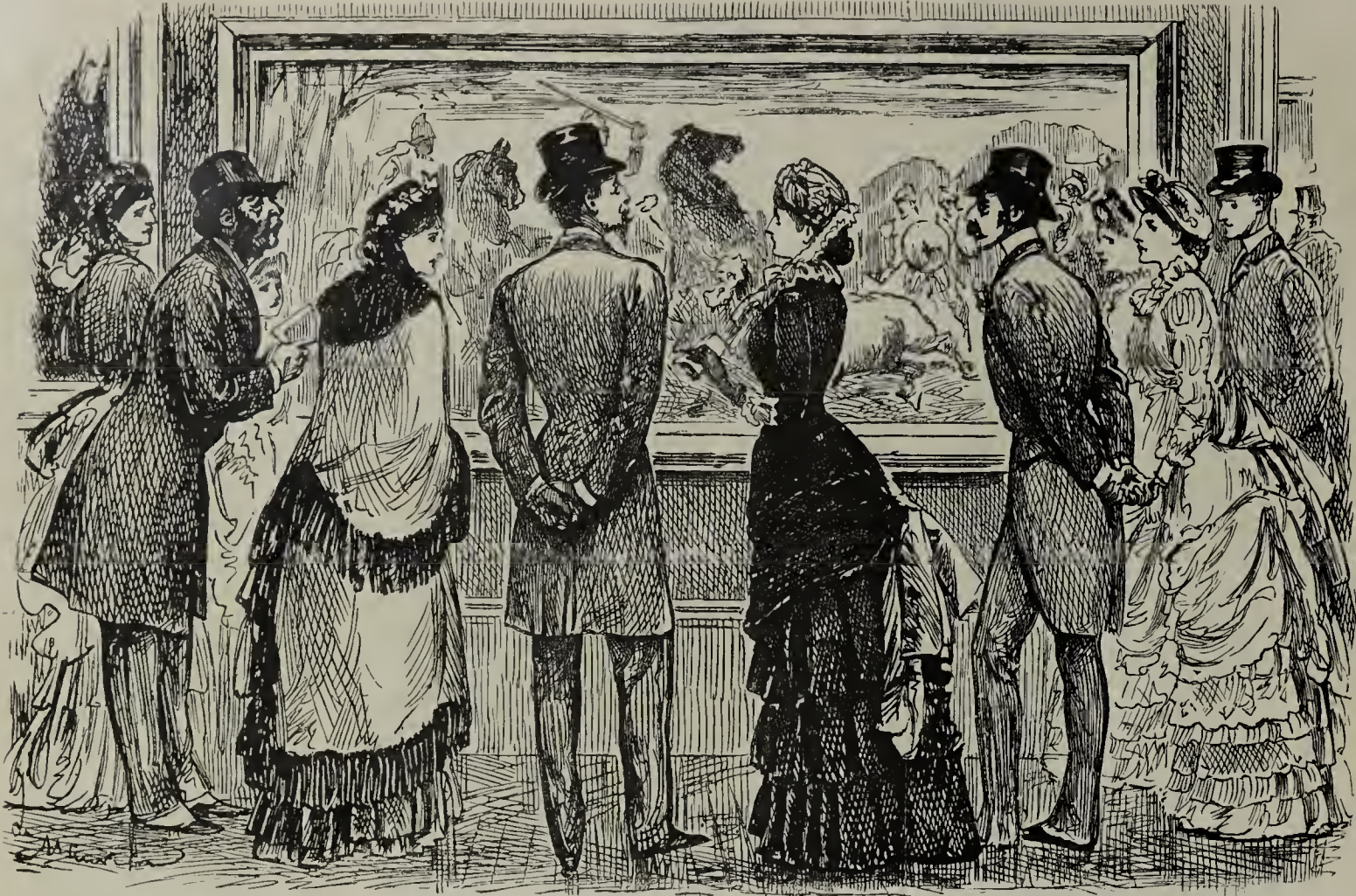
Visitor (naïvely). "WELL, I CERTAINLY NEVER DREAMT I SHOULD FIND YOU AT HOME ON SUCH A LOVELY AFTERNOON AS THIS!"



QUALIFYING A SWEEPING ASSERTION.

1881.

Sophie (after hearing about Frank). "I DECLARE I SHALL NOT BELIEVE A WORD A MAN SAYS TO ME. THEY'RE ALL LIARS!"
Beatrice. "FOR SHAME, SOPHIE!"
Sophie (regretfully). "AT LEAST ALL THE NICE ONES ARE!"



PUTTING HER FOOT IN IT.

Fashionable Lady. "Now, *THIS* IS ABOUT THE WORST DAUB OF THE WHOLE COLLECTION!"

Distinguished Academician (of whose Artistic Profession his Fair Companion is ignorant). "I'M SORRY YOU SHOULD THINK SO, FOR IT'S MINE!"

Fashionable Lady. "YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU BOUGHT *THAT*?"

Distinguished Academician. "NO; BUT I PAINTED IT!"

Fashionable Lady. "OH—OH, I AM SO SORRY; BUT YOU REALLY MUSTN'T MIND WHAT I SAY, FOR I'M NO CRITIC AT ALL. I—I ONLY REPEAT WHAT *EVERYBODY* SAYS, YOU KNOW—A——"

PUTTING HER FOOT IN IT.

1882.



MUSIC AT HOME.

He. "ER—'M AWF'LY FOND OF MUSIC—AIN'T YOU? NOT *THIS* SORT OF THING, YOU KNOW. CAN'T STAND THE DRAWING-ROOM AMATEUR—NEVAH COULD. SORRY TO SAY'VE NOT BEEN TO HEAR MADAME SCHUMACKER THIS YEAH. NEVAH HAD TIME. TOLD SHE'S IN SPLENDID FORM. LIKE HER PLAYING AWF'LY—SHOULD KNOW HER TOUCH A MILE OFF. DYING TO HEAR HER——"

She. "SO AM I—AND IF YOU WOULD ONLY BE SO VERY KIND AS JUST TO HOLD YOUR TONGUE, I DARE SAY WE MIGHT BOTH MANAGE TO HEAR HER NOW!"

[Madame S. has been playing for the last Ten Minutes!]

MUSIC AT HOME.

1884.



HIGHLY GENTEEL.

1878.

Sir Charles. "BY THE BYE, MRS. DE TOMPKYNS, DO YOU KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOURS THE PONSONBY DE TALBOTS?"

Mrs. Peter de Tompkyns. "A—NO!—STRANGE TO SAY, FOR THEY ARE A KIND OF CONNECTION OF OURS."

Sir Charles. "INDEED! HOW SO?"

Mrs. Peter de Tompkyns. "WE HAVE THE SAME MONOGRAM, YOU KNOW!"



"UTILE DULCI."

1877.

"A—YOUR SKIRT IS QUITE SAFE, MRS. MINIVER! A—PRAY TAKE MY ARM!"



MUSIC AT HOME. (THE EGOISM OF GENIUS.)

1883.

Eminent Violinist. "DELL ME—WHO IS DAT LIDDLE PALD OLD CHENDLEMAN VIZ ZE VITE VISKERS AND ZE BINCE-NEZ, LOOKING AT ZE BIGCHUS?"

Hostess. "IT'S MY UNCLE ROBERTSON. I'M GRIEVED TO SAY HE IS QUITE DEAF!"

Eminent Violinist. "ACH, I AM ZO ZORRY FOR HIM! HE VILL NOT PE APLE TO HEAR ME BLAY ZE VITTLE!"



TO SUPERSEDE LAWN-TENNIS—THE BUBBLE-PARTY.

1884.



MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

1885.

"WELL? HAVE YOU CAUGHT ANY FISH, BILLY?"

"WELL, I REALLY CAUGHT TWO! BUT THEY WERE QUITE YOUNG, POOR LITTLE THINGS, AND SO THEY DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO HOLD ON!"



OH! HORROR!

*Tommy (suddenly
—on his way home
from Church).*

"WHAT DID YOU
TAKE OUT OF THE
BAG, MAMMA? I
ONLY GOT SIXPENCE!
LOOK HERE!"

OH! HORROR!

1876.

OUTWARD BOUND.

SMYTHE, FORBES, AND PARKINSON, FEARING LEST THEY SHOULD SUCCUMB TO THE CHARMS OF MAUD, MARIAN, AND MARGARET WILMOT (AND THE WILES OF THOSE YOUNG LADIES' CLEVER MAMMA), SECURE BERTHS ON BOARD THE TRANS-OCEANIC STEAM YACHTING COMPANY'S VESSEL COLOMBO FOR A TRIP ROUND THE WORLD. JUST AS THEY HAVE PAID THEIR FARES (£800 EACH), WHOM SHOULD THEY MEET COMING INTO THE COMPANY'S OFFICE BUT MRS. WILMOT HERSELF, WITH HER THREE LOVELY DAUGHTERS AT HER HEELS—ALL FOUR EVIDENTLY BENT ON THE SAME ERRAND.



OUTWARD BOUND.

1881.



SNOB-SNUBBING.

1886.

He (after surveying the Company). "MIXED LOT! HARDLY A GENTLEMAN IN THE ROOM!"

She (innocently). "NOT ONE—THAT I CAN SEE!"



THE DANCING MAN.

1886.

She. "AWFULLY NICE DANCE AT MRS. MASHAN'S LAST NIGHT!"

He. "YAAS. WERE YOU THERE?"

She. "WAS I THERE? WHY—I DANCED WITH YOU THREE TIMES!"

He. "REALLY! SO GLAD!"



AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION.

1884.

He. "ARE YOU—A—GOING TO LADY GULPS'S DANCE?"

She. "I—A—DON'T KNOW YET! WHO ASKS HER MEN FOR HER?"

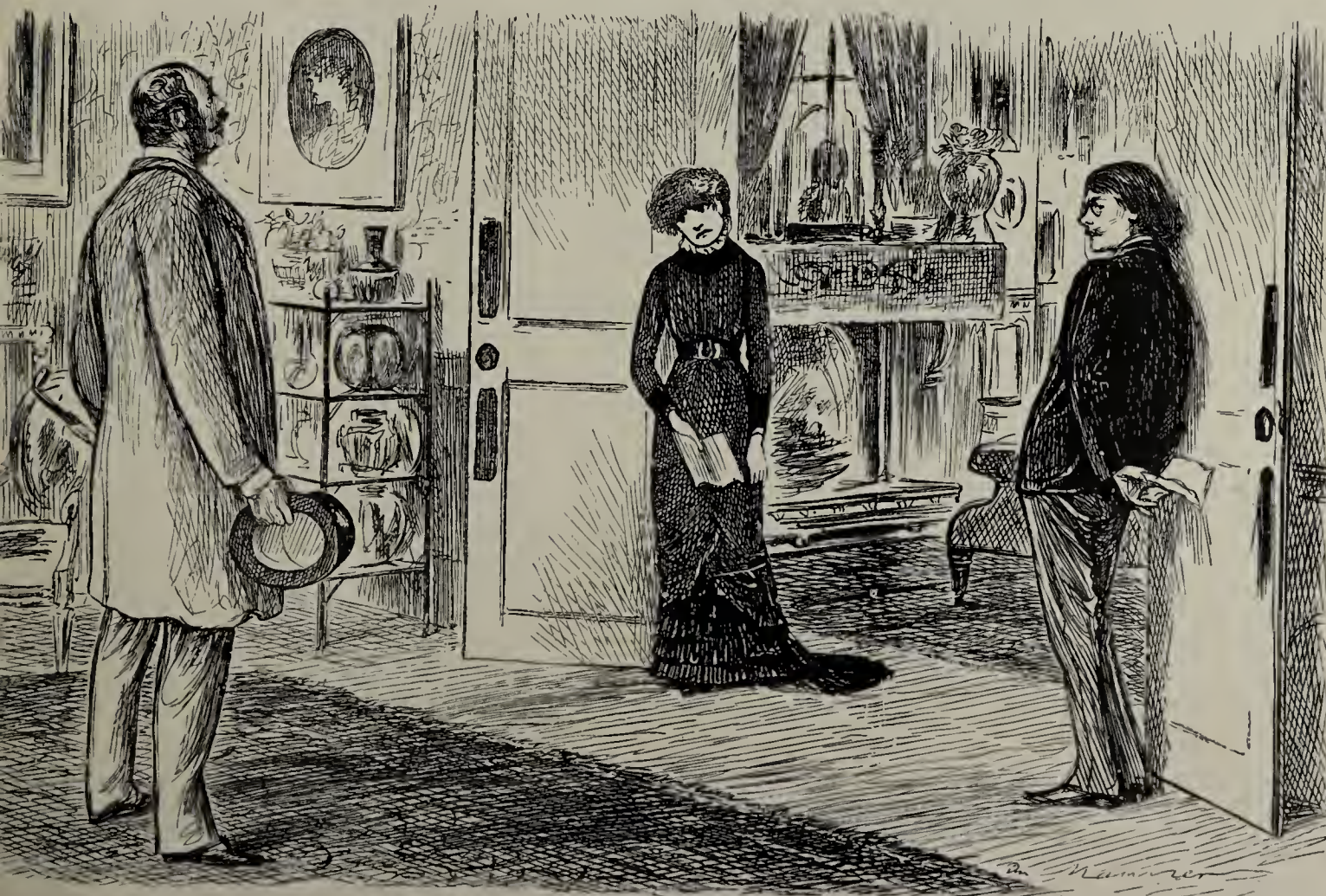


FLOWERS OF MODERN SPEECH AND SENTIMENT.

1882.

Our Gallant Colonel. "AND WHERE AND HOW HAVE YOU SPENT THE SUMMER, MISS GOLIGHTLY?"

Miss Golightly. "OH, I SAT IN A PUNT WITH MY FAVOURITE MAN—A QUITE TOO DELICIOUS MAN!"



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.

Uncle Jack (a great Theatre-goer). "ULLO, MY DEARS! SO YOU'RE GOING IN FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS, EH? AND WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE? 'ONLY A HALFPENNY!' OR 'ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS'?"

Egbert. "OH NO. NOTHING OF THAT SORT. WE ARE GOING TO GIVE 'THE CUP,' BY ALFRED TENNYSON."

Uncle Jack. "YOU DON'T SAY SO. AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE IT?"

Egbert. "A—HERE, IN THE BACK DRAWING-ROOM."

Uncle Jack. "WELL I NEVER! AND WHO'S GOING TO TAKE ELLEN TERRY'S PART?"

Dorothea (who flatters herself she bears a striking resemblance to that Lady). "I AM."

Uncle Jack. "GOODNESS GRACIOUS! AND HAVE YOU INVITED ANYBODY YET, BESIDES MYSELF?"

Dorothea. "OH YES. EVERYBODY WE KNOW IN LONDON."

Uncle Jack. "GRACIOUS GOODNESS! AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO PUT 'EM ALL, IF THEY COME?"

Dorothea and Egbert. "OH, THAT'S THEIR LOOK OUT, YOU KNOW!"

DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE ACTOR AND ACTRESS (SUBURBAN).

1882.



AT THE COUNTY CATTLE AND DOG-SHOW.

1877.

"that repose
Which stamps the caste of VERE DE VERE."

"HAW—BY THE BYE—A—LADY MAWIAH, I DON'T SEE YOUR SISTAIRS—LADY WACHEL AND LADY FWEDEWICA?"

"THEY'RE GONE TO THE DOGS, SIR WOBERT."

"HAW! SO SAWWY!!"



1879.

FRUSTRATED SOCIAL AMBITION!

Miss Lyon Hunter (to Herr Bogoluboffski, the famous Virtuoso, whose afternoon Pianoforte Recitals are the wonder of the world). "A—BY-THE-BYE, HERR BOGOLUBOFFSKI, WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT PERHAPS LIKE TO TRY THE NEW BROADWOOD!"

Chorus of Ladies. "OH DO, HERR BOGOLUBOFFSKI! PRAY DO!"

Herr Bogoluboffski (who has been asked to dine en famille, and spend the evening "quite in a friendly way"). "LADIES! IF YOU WOULD PERHAPS VISH ZAT I SHOULD AMUSE ZE COMPANY, KVITE IN A PRENTLY VAY, I GAN PREAK ZE BOKER ON MY ARM, I GAN SCHVALLOW ZE DAPLE-SCHBOONS, AND I GAN SCHICK A LIGHTED DALLOW-GANTLE IN MY MOUSE VIZOUT PUDDING IT OUT—POT I GANNOT BLAY ZE BLANO AFTER TINNER!"

N.B.—On the strength of Herr Bogoluboffski's coming, Mrs. L. H. has cunningly invited just one or two very select friends to drop in during the evening, and the new Broadwood Grand has been procured at great expense for the occasion.



1879.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

Mrs. Lyon Hunter. "How do you do, Mr. Brown? Let me present you to the Duchess of Stilton! Your Grace, permit me to present to you Mr. Brown, the distinguished scholar!"

Her Grace (affably). "Charmed to make your acquaintance—er—Mr. Brown!"

Mr. Brown (with effusion). "Your Grace is really too kind. This is the ninth time I've enjoyed the distinction of being presented to your Grace within the last twelve months; but it's a distinction I value so highly, that without trespassing too much on your Grace's indulgence, I hope I may be occasionally permitted to enjoy it again!"

[Bows, and absquatulates.]



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PAINTER AGAIN.

1883.

Lord Isidor. "IT'S—A—JUST A LITTLE INCIDENT IN MODERN LIFE, DUCHESS! A YOUNG LADY, YOU KNOW, WALKING INTO A PAINTER'S STUDIO, AND DUMBSTRUCK AT THE SIGHT OF THE LAY FIGURE!"

The Duchess. "CHARMING! CHARMING! SO NATURAL! AND TELL US, LORD ISIDOR, WHICH OF THE TWO IS THE LAY FIGURE, NOW?"



ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

1885.

ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Suburban Belle. "HOW DELIGHTFUL IT MUST BE TO SPEND CHRISTMAS IN A GREAT COUNTRY HOUSE—LIKE STILTON GRANGE, FOR INSTANCE."

Delightful Stranger (from London). "YAAS. BY THE BYE, HER GRACE OF STILTON HAS JUST WRITTEN TO SAY SHE EXPECTS ME THERE FOR CHRISTMAS WEEK. S'POSE I SHALL HAVE TO GO!"

Suburban Belle. "WON'T YOU FIND IT RATHER LONELY?"

Delightful Stranger. "LONELY? A—WHY?"

Suburban Belle. "BECAUSE I SAW IN TO-DAY'S MORNING POST THAT THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AND FAMILY ARE NOT EXPECTED BACK FROM AUSTRALIA BEFORE FEBRUARY!"

[Collapse of Delightful Stranger.]



AN OVERTAXED INTELLECT.

1882.

"AND WHAT IS YOUR NEW REGIMENT?"

"MY NEW REGIMENT? OH, IT'S THE—A—A—A—THEY'VE GOT GREEN ON THE CUFF, YOU KNOW, AND YOU GO TO IT FROM THE WATERLOO STATION!"



A SECRET.

1881.

"MY DEAR! SHE'S FEARFULLY GOT UP! NO WONDER SHE LOOKS YOUNG!"

"MY DEAR! I'M TOLD SHE ALWAYS GOES TO BED THE WHOLE AFTERNOON, WHEN SHE'S COMING OUT IN THE EVENING. WE SHOULD LOOK LIKE THAT, IF WE TOOK THE SAME CARE OF OURSELVES!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

1888.

"WHY, HERE WE ARE AGAIN, FOR THE SIXTH TIME! NOW, IF I HAD WANTED TO SEE YOU, I DARE SAY WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE MET AT ALL!"



"SO NEAR—AND YET SO FAR."

1888.

SCENE—A Dance in BAYSWATER.

Daughter of the House. "DO YOU KNOW MANY PEOPLE HERE, MR. SNOOKSON?"

Prize Idiot (from Kensington). "AW—NOT A SOUL, I CAN ASSURE YOU! AW—I CONFESS I'M QUITE OUT OF MY BEARINGS ANYWHERE NORTH OF THE PARK, AW!"



AT MADAME ALDEGOND'S (REGENT STREET).

1879.

First Dressmaker. "DO YOU—A—WEAR CHAMOIS LEATHER UNDERCLOTHING?"

New Customer. "NO; CERTAINLY NOT."

First Dressmaker. "OH! THEN PRAY TAKE A SEAT, AND I WILL SEND THE *SECOND DRESSMAKER!*"



A SUBTLE DISTINCTION.

1881.

Jones (who is of an inquiring mind). "AIN'T YOU GETTING TIRED OF HEARING PEOPLE SAY, 'THAT IS THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BELSIZE!'"

Miss Belsize (a Professional Beauty). "OH, NO. I'M GETTING TIRED OF HEARING PEOPLE SAY, 'IS *THAT* THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BELSIZE?'"



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

1885.

Mrs. Masham. "WHAT A LOT OF DUST THERE IS, MABEL! SHALL WE HAVE THE HOOD OF THE CARRIAGE PUT UP IN FRONT?"
 Mabel. "OH, NO! WE SHOULDN'T SEE ANYBODY!" Mrs. Masham. "SHALL WE HAVE IT UP BEHIND, THEN?"
 Mabel. "OH, THAT WOULD BE STILL WORSE, FOR NOBODY WOULD SEE US!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1885.

She. "WOULD YOU MIND PUTTING MY LAWN-TENNIS SHOES IN YOUR POCKETS, MR. GREEN?"
 He. "I'M AFRAID MY POCKETS ARE HARDLY BIG ENOUGH, MISS GLADYS; BUT I SHALL BE DELIGHTED TO CARRY THEM FOR YOU!"



AWKWARD STYLE OF COMPLIMENT.

1883.

Jones. "JUST SEEN YOUR CHILDREN MRS. QUIVERFUL. WHAT LITTLE DARLINGS THEY ARE! QUITE A NEST OF GOLDEN EGGS!"
 [Mrs. Q. is wondering whether Jones means to insinuate that she's a Goose!]

TROUBLES OF A
DANCING-MAN.

"GOOD HEAVENS!
 WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD
 CHAPPIE? INDIGESTION?"

"INDIGESTION, INDEED!
 I'VE PROMISED THIS WALTZ
 TO LADY GORGONZOLA
 GRIMSHAW. THE MUSIC'S
 ACTUALLY BEGUN—AND—
 AND—I'VE LOST THE
 SOLITAIRE OUT OF MY
 SHIRT-FRONT!"

TROUBLES OF A DANCING-MAN.

1882

A FIX.

Hospitable Lady (with interesting Daughters). "AH! HOW DO YOU DO, CAPTAIN LOVELL? WHAT AN AGE SINCE WE MET! ARE YOU ENGAGED THIS EVENING?"

Soft - Hearted Captain (who likes all interesting Daughters). "ER—NO!"

Hospitable Lady. "THEN COME AND DINE WITH US!"

Soft - Hearted Captain. "YOU'RE VERY KIND! MOST HAPPY! AT WHAT O'CLOCK?"

Hospitable Lady. "A QUARTER TO EIGHT. AU REVOIR!"

Soft - Hearted Captain (suddenly recollecting that he has completely forgotten who the Hospitable Lady is, and not liking to say so). "O—ER—HUM! AH!—BY THE BYE—ER—WHERE ARE YOU STAYING NOW?"

Hospitable Lady. "O, THE SAME OLD PLACE—NO. 16. AU REVOIR!"

[Exit Hospitable Lady.]



A FIX.

1873.

ART AND FASHION.

Our Artist and his fashionable Sitter compare Notes about Paris. He begins:—

"YOU WENT TO THE 'LOUVRE,' OF COURSE?"

"I SHOULD THINK SO, INDEED! BEFORE GOING ANYWHERE ELSE! I SPENT ALL MY TIME THERE! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLACE!"

"AH! AND WHAT ENDLESS STORES OF NOBLE ARTISTIC WEALTH!"

"YES! SO ARTISTIC! AND THE ATTENDANTS SO CIVIL, YOU KNOW."

"H'M! PRETTY WELL! BUT ALL IS WELL MANAGED. SUCH CLEANLINESS! SUCH ORDER!"

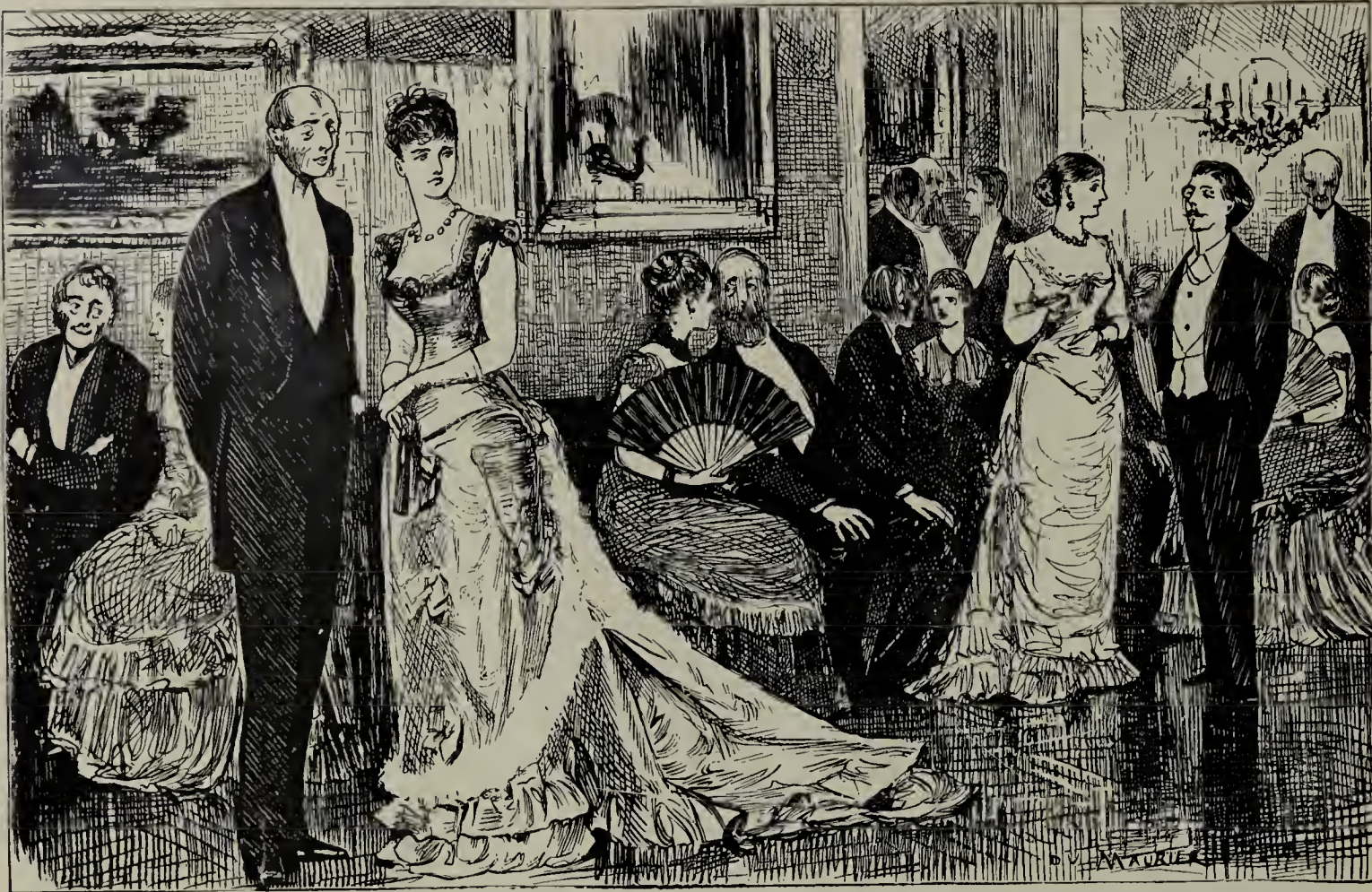
"YES! AND THOSE LOVELY BALLOONS THEY GIVE ONE, WITH 'LOUVRE' PRINTED ON THEM, YOU KNOW!"

[Our Artist is thinking of the famous Museum: his fashionable Sitter of the still more famous linen-draping and silk-mercing emporium which bears the same name, and where they give you a hydrogen balloon to take away with you along with your purchase. And a wonderful advertisement that balloon is! Verb. sap.]



ART AND FASHION.

1877.

TRUE ARTISTIC
REFINEMENT.

"Died of a colour, in
aesthetic pain."

Hostess. "WE'RE GOING
DOWN TO SUPPER, MR.
MIRABEL. LET ME INTRO-
DUCE YOU TO MISS CHAL-
MERS."

Mr. Mirabel. "A—PAR-
DON ME—IS THAT THE TALL
YOUNG LADY STANDING BY
YOUR HUSBAND?"

Hostess. "YES. SHE'S
THE MOST CHARMING GIRL
I KNOW."

Mr. Mirabel. "I'VE NO
DOUBT. BUT — A — SHE
AFFECTS ANILINE DYES,
DON'T YOU KNOW. I
WEALLY COULDN'T GO DOWN
TO SUPPAH WITH A YOUNG
LADY WHO WEARS MAUVE
TWINNINGS IN HER SKIRT,
AND MAGENTA WIBBONS IN
HER HAIR!"

TRUE ARTISTIC REFINEMENT.

1877.



MUSICAL EGOTISM.

1877.

Herr Maestro (who has been indulging the Company with two Masses, three Symphonies, a dozen Impromptus, and a few other little things of his own). "VILL YOU NOT NOW ZING ZOMZING, MISS ANCHELICA?"

Miss Angelica (with diffidence, pulling off her gloves). "H'M!—H'M!—I'M AFRAID I'M A LITTLE HOARSE TO-DAY; BUT IF——"

Herr Maestro (with alacrity). "ACH SÖH! IN ZAT CASE I VILL NOT BRESS YOU. I HAF GOMBÖSET A ZONATA IN F MOLL—SHALL I
BLAY IT FOR YOU? YES!" [Proceeds to do so.]



SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI!

1876.

(Dialogue between a Fashionable Lady and an Ordinary Being of the Male Sex.)

"GOOD HEAVENS, MRS. BROWN, WHAT EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE ONE MEETS HERE! DO TELL ME, WHO'S THAT WONDERFUL OLD GENTLEMAN MRS. LYON HUNTER IS GREETING SO CORDIALLY?"

"THAT'S BELLAMY NUPKINS!"

"'BELLAMY?' 'NUPKINS?' WHO'S HE?"

"WHY, BELLAMY NUPKINS, THE FAMOUS AUTHOR!"

"DEAR ME! NEVER HEARD OF HIM IN MY LIFE! IS THERE A MRS. BELLAMY NUPKINS?"

"THERE WAS! BELLAMY NUPKINS IS A WIDOWER."

"AND WHO WAS MRS. BELLAMY NUPKINS?"

"OH, SHE WAS A MISS WILHELMINA WILLOUGHBY DE RIGBY—DIGBY, OR SOMETHING."

"WHAT? YOU DON'T MEAN A SECOND COUSIN OF THE LATE LORD TOLINGTON'S?"

"I BELIEVE SO."

"AH! TO BE SURE! YES, YES! NOW I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHO BELLAMY NUPKINS IS—OR RATHER WAS!"



1880.

CULTURE.

She. "OF COURSE YOU WENT TO MONSIEUR RENAN'S LECTURE ON MARCUS AURELIUS?"

He. "NO, I DIDN'T. WHO'S MARCUS AURELIUS?"

She. "WHY, A ROMAN EMPEROR, TO BE SURE, AND A STOIC!"

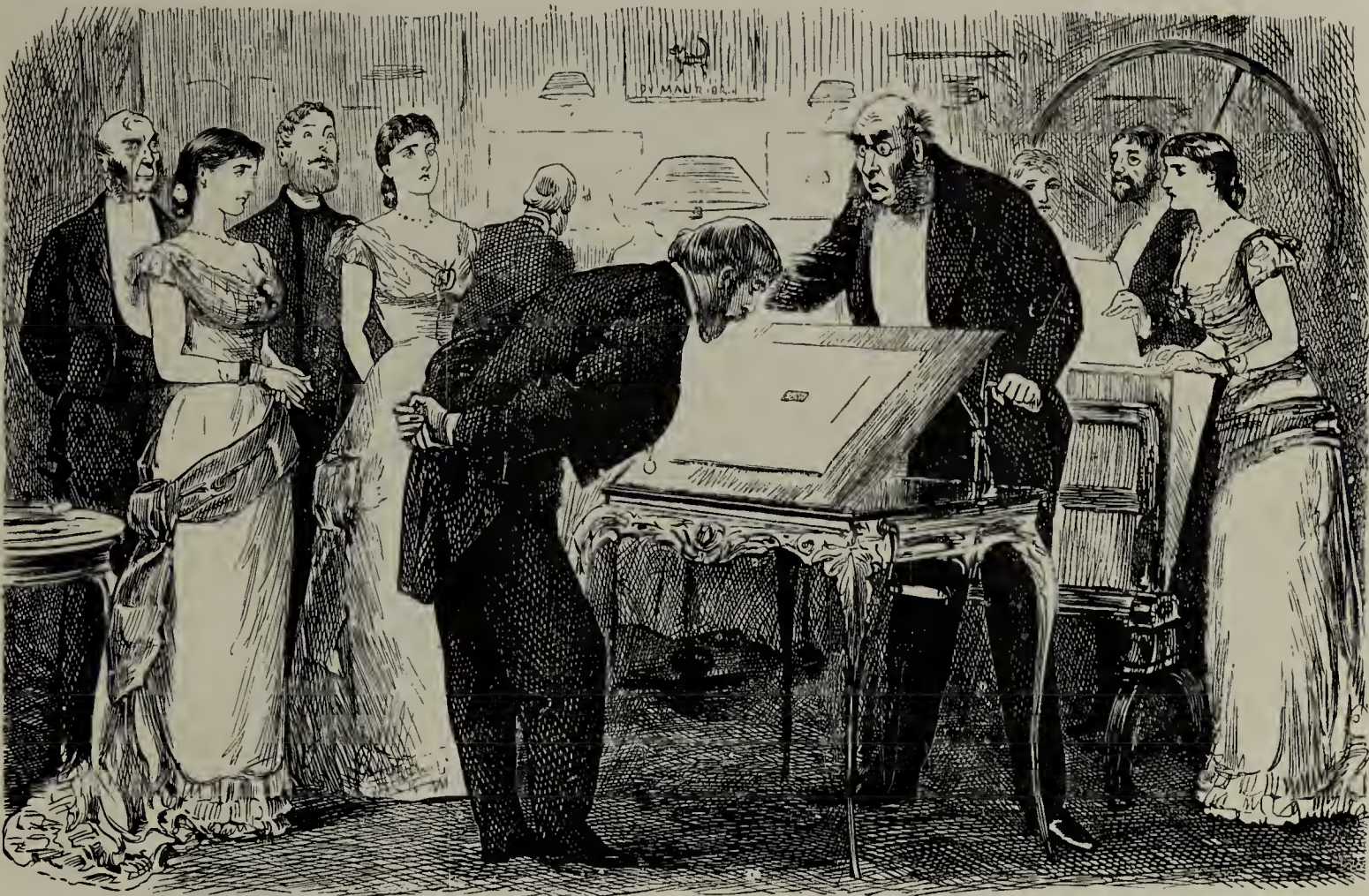
She. A STOIC? WELL, AT ALL EVENTS, MARCUS AURELIUS WAS ONE—AT LEAST HE DIDN'T GO SO FAR AS *MOST* STOICS."

He. "DIDN'T HE? HOW FAR DO *THEY* GO?"

She. "WHAT A RIDICULOUS QUESTION!"

He. "HAW—WHAT'S A STOIC?"

[Collapse of Conversation.]



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE ETCHER.

1880.

(Who thinks the Royal Academy ought to let him have a Room all to himself.)

Distinguished Amateur (commendable for his Dinners, his Pretty Daughters, and his exquisitely-appointed Studio). "THERE! IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO DRAW, MY FRIEND! I ETCHED THAT STUDY IN FIVE MINUTES!—BUT THE 'BITING-IN' HAS TAKEN ME TWO YEARS! THAT'S THE SEVENTEENTH STATE OF THE PLATE!"

Our Artist (naturally anxious to make himself agreeable). "EXCELLENT! AWFULLY GOOD! THAT BLACK KITTEN PAWING THE AIR IN FRONT OF THE PARLOUR GRATE IS MOST LIFE-LIKE, AND THE TEXTURE OF YOUR PERSIAN HEARTH Rug IS SIMPLY ADMIRABLE!—SHOULD KNOW IT ANYWHERE!"

Distinguished Amateur. "HEARTH Rug! GRATE!! KITTEN!!! WHY, THAT'S A WINDMILL ON A HEATH, MAN—AGAINST AN EVENING SKY!"

[Collapse of Our Artist; collapse of Pretty Daughters; collapse of everybody except Distinguished Amateur.]



A MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

1887.

"WHY!—HAS YOUR DACHS GOT A SORE THROAT, LIZZIE?"—"NO; BUT HE THINKS HE HAS!"



A VENIAL MISTAKE.

1879.

New Beauty (unversed as yet in the mysteries of *High Life*). "WHO'S THAT WONDERFUL OLD GENTLEMAN?"

The Captain. "SIR DIGBY DE RIGBY, A HAMPSHIRE BARONET; ONE OF THE OLDEST IN ENGLAND; JAMES THE FIRST'S CREATION, YOU KNOW."

New Beauty (determined to be surprised at nothing). "INDEED! HOW WELL PRESERVED HE IS! I SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT HIM MORE THAN SEVENTY OR EIGHTY!"



THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

1883.

Mrs. Wistful. "WHAT HAPPY PEOPLE YOU ARE, TO HAVE SIX NICE DAUGHTERS! WHAT RESOURCES FOR YOUR OLD AGE!"

Mr. Quiverful. "YES. RESOURCES ENOUGH! BUT THE DIFFICULTY, NOWADAYS, CONSISTS IN *HUSBANDING* ONE'S RESOURCES!"



LAWN TENNIS.—TRIALS OF THE UMPIRE AT A LADIES' DOUBLE.

1884.

Lilian and Claribel. "IT WAS OUT, WASN'T IT, CAPTAIN STANDISH?"

Adeline and Eleanore. "OH, IT WASN'T OUT, CAPTAIN STANDISH, WAS IT?"

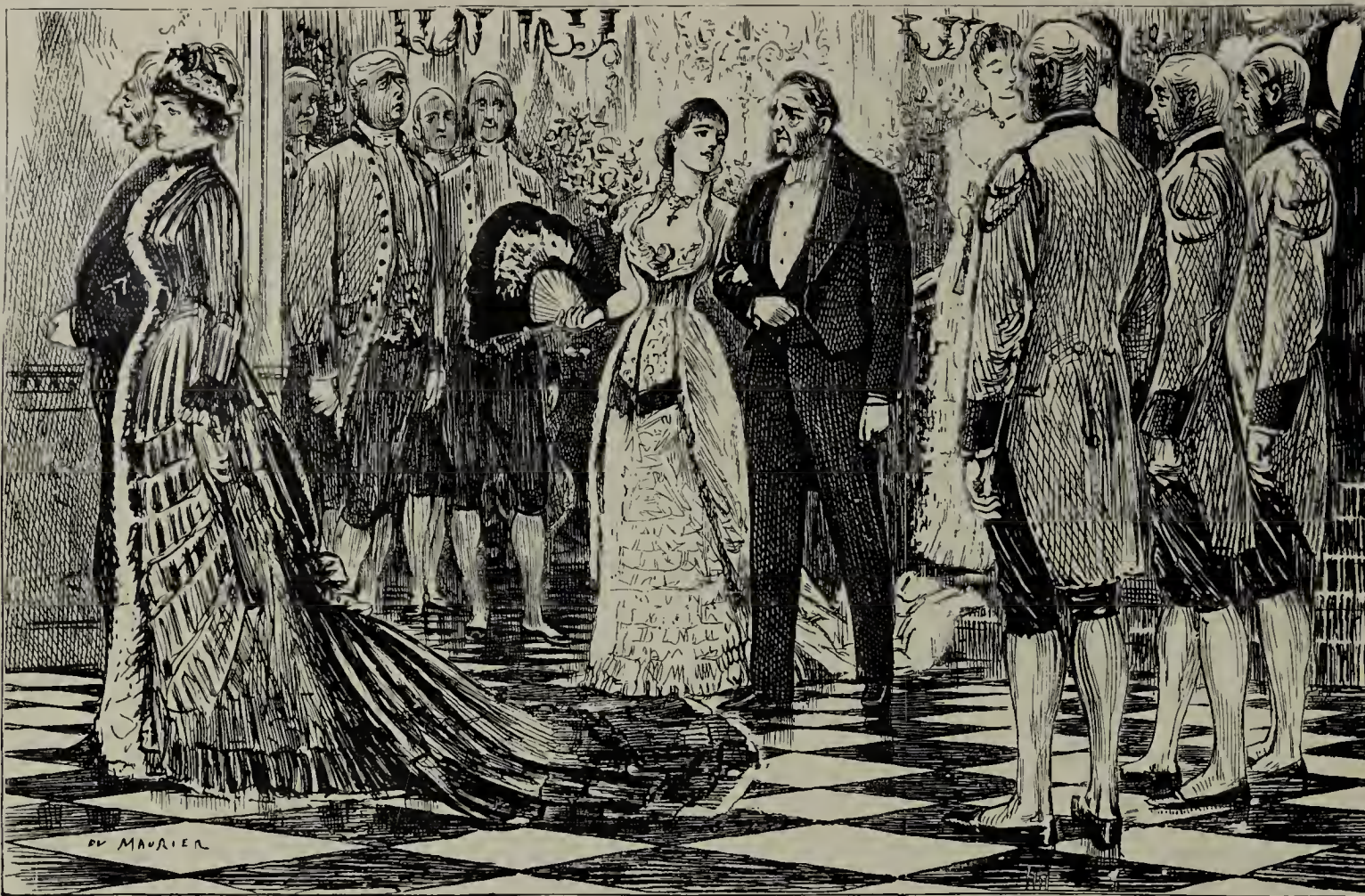


1875.

INDEPENDENCE.

Elder Sister (condescendingly). "SEE, ETHEL, YOU HAD BETTER COME AND WALK IN MY SHADOW. IT WILL BE COOLER FOR YOU!"

Younger Sister (who resents patronage). "YOU ARE VERY GOOD, MAUD; BUT I HAVE A SHADOW OF MY OWN, THANK YOU!"



EPISODE IN HIGH LIFE.

1879.

The Lady Kerosine de Colza. "I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW PLEASED I AM TO MEET YOU HERE, DR. BLENKINSOP, AND ESPECIALLY TO GO DOWN TO DINNER WITH YOU."

Dr. Blenkinsop (an eminent Physician, much pleased). "YOU FLATTER ME. I'M SURE, LADY KEROSINE!"

Lady Kerosine. "OH, NO! IT'S SO NICE TO SIT BY SOMEBODY WHO CAN TELL YOU WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID, YOU KNOW!"



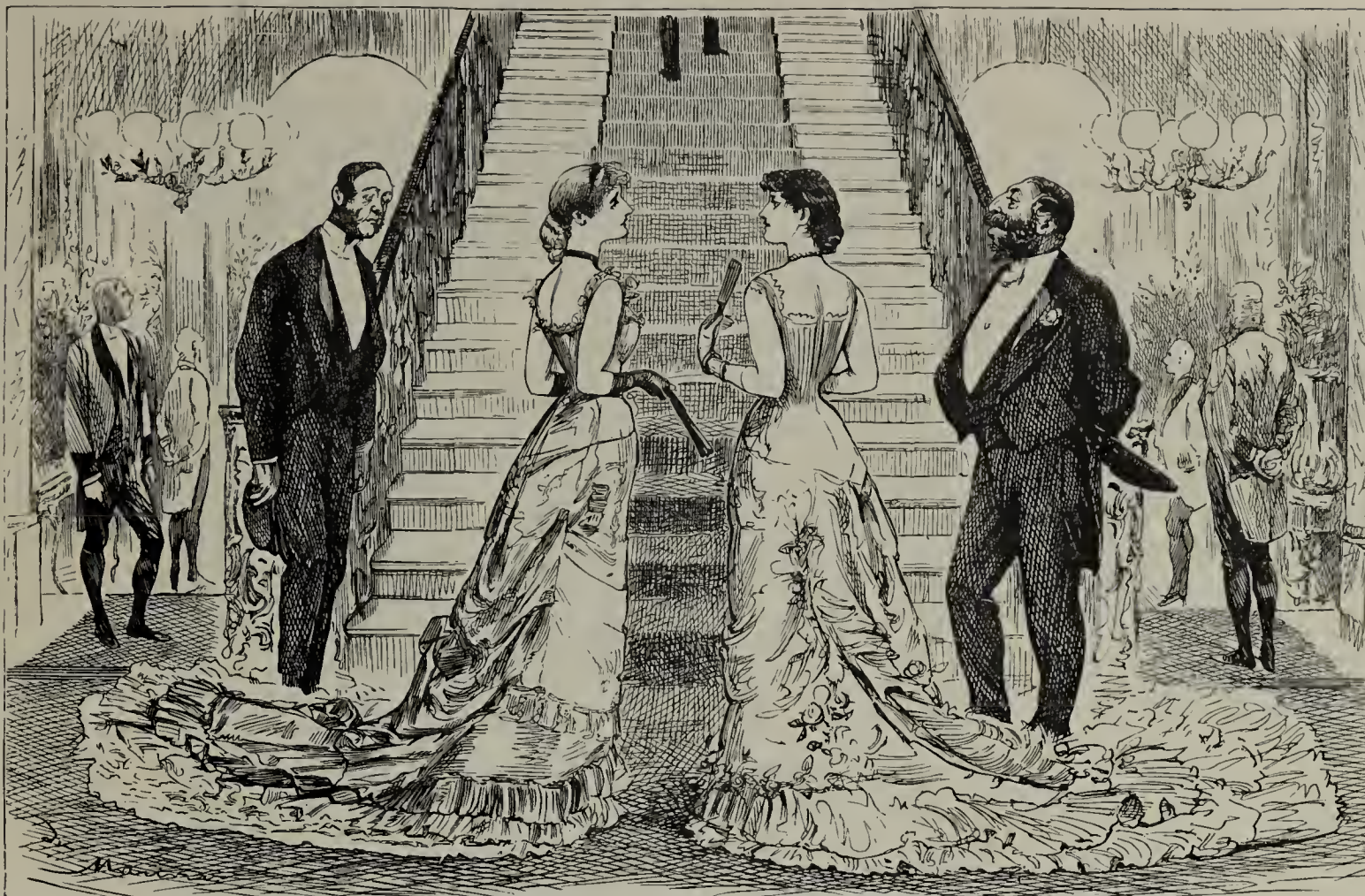
WORLDLY WISE.

1877.

First Mother of Daughters. "HAVE YOU CALLED ON THE CHOLMONDELEY JONESES YET?"

Second Ditto. "YES, I HEARD THEY WERE GOING TO GIVE A BALL, AND SO I CALLED LAST SATURDAY."

First Ditto (in a tone of superiority). "AH! I HEARD THAT THE BALL WAS NOT COMING OFF, AND SO I DIDN'T!"



RIVALS IN SOCIAL SUCCESS.

1880.

SCENE—Staircase of Ducal Mansion. *The Duchess at Home.* "Small and Early."

Mrs. Jones (a new Beauty, with more surprise than pleasure). "WELL, I NEVER! MR. AND MRS. ROBINSON, OF ALL PEOPLE!! AND HOW CAME YOU HERE?"

Mrs. Robinson (a still newer Beauty). "WE DROVE, DEAR MRS. JONES. YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU CAME ON FOOT!"



HAPPY THOUGHT.

1877.

Nurse. "WELL, MASTER TOM, AND SO THE TWINS ARE GOING TO BE CHRISTENED TO-MORROW. WHAT SHALL WE CALL THEM?"

Tom (mindful of his Mother's fashionable proclivities). "IF WE WANT TO PLEASE MAMMA, WE'D BETTER CALL THEM MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE!"

DE GUSTIBUS NON
DISPUTANDUM.(AT LEAST NOT BY BEAUTIFUL
PEOPLE OF EITHER SEX.)

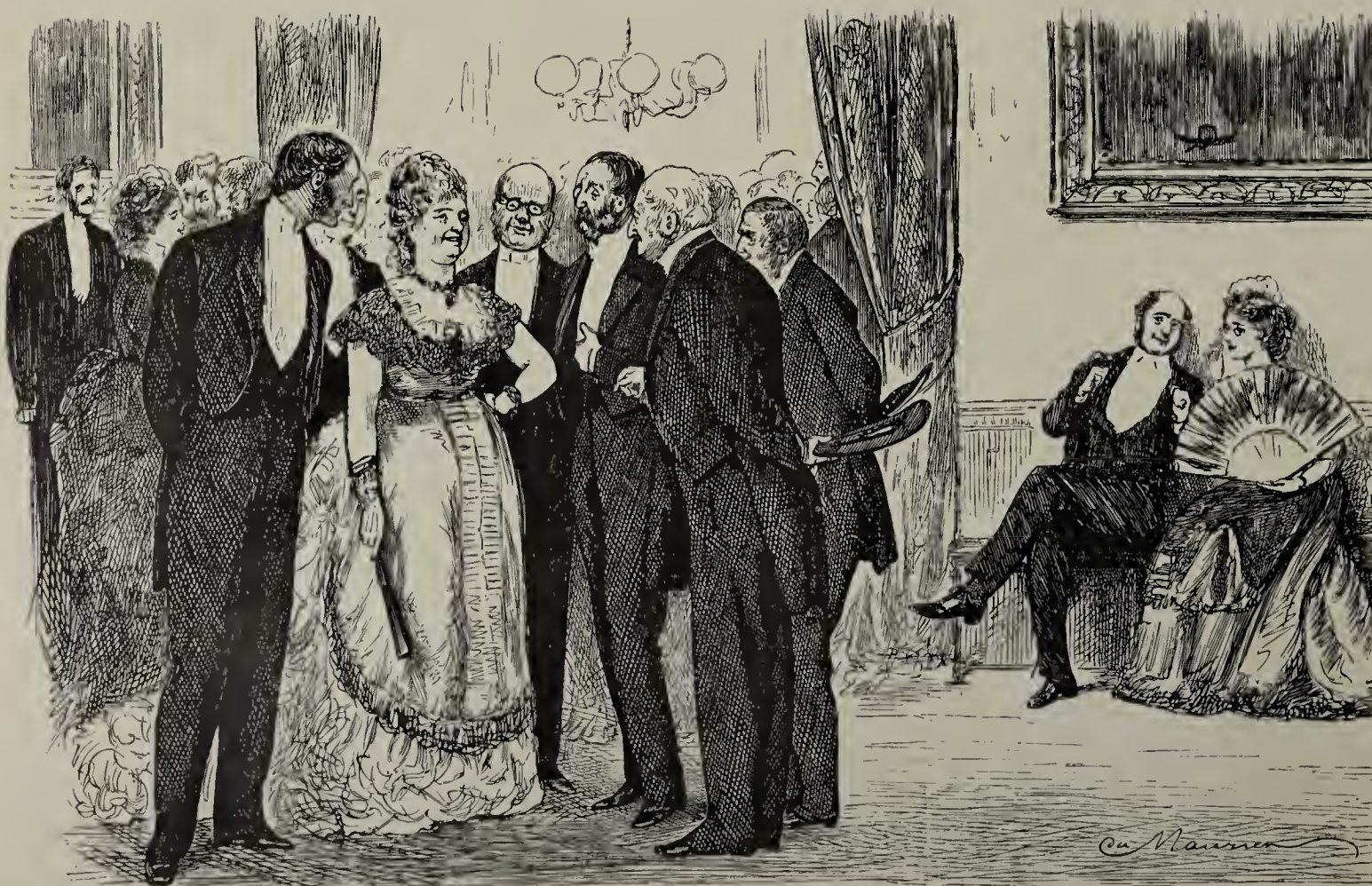
Adonis (after his Guests have departed). "BY JOVE, MARIA, WHAT A HANDSOME WOMAN MRS. JONES IS! SHE LOOKS BETTER THAN EVER!"

His Wife. "AHEM! WELL, IT MAY BE MY BAD TASTE, BUT I OWN I HAVE HITHERTO FAILED TO DETECT THE BEAUTY OF MRS. JONES. NOW, MR. JONES IS GOOD-LOOKING, IF YOU LIKE!"

Adonis. "JONES GOOD-LOOKING! COME—HANG IT, MARIA, JONES IS A VERY GOOD FELLOW, AND ALL THAT; BUT I MUST SAY I'VE NEVER PERCEIVED HIS GOOD LOOKS!" &c., &c.

DE GUSTIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM.

1876.



NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

Interlocutor. "WHO'S THAT SHOWY WOMAN WHO TALKS AND LAUGHS SO LOUD, AND DIGS PEOPLE IN THE RIBS?"

Interlocutrix. "OH, THAT'S THE DUCHESS OF BAYSWATER. SHE WAS A LADY GWENDOLEN BEAUMANOIR, YOU KNOW!"

Interlocutor (with warmth). "AH! TO BE SURE! THAT ACCOUNTS FOR HER HIGH-BRED EASE, HER ARISTOCRATIC SIMPLICITY OF MANNER, HER NATURAL AND STRAIGHT-FORWARD—"

Interlocutrix (putting up her eye-glass). "BY THE BYE, PARDON ME! I HAVE UNINTENTIONALLY MIS-INFORMED YOU; IT'S MRS. JUDKINS. SHE'S THE WIDOW OF AN ALDERMAN, AND HER FATHER WAS A CHEESE-MONGER IN THE NEW CUT!"

Interlocutor. "DEAR ME!—AH!—HUM!—ER—HUM!—HA! THAT QUITE ALTERS THE CASE! SHE IS VERY VULGAR, I MUST SAY—AWFUL! I WONDER SHE'S ADMITTED INTO DECENT SOCIETY!"

[N.B.—It was the Duchess, after all.]

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

1876.



1883.

THE WISH TO PLEASE

"OH! *HOW* DO YOU DO, MY DEAR MISS ROBINSON, SO *GLAD* TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO *WELL*! BY THE WAY, HOW *LOVELY* YOU LOOKED AT MY DANCE LAST WEDNESDAY! *EVERYBODY* WAS ASKING WHO YOU WERE, I *ASSURE* YOU!"

"*I?* I—I—I WASN'T THERE! I HAD A BAD COLD AND SORE THROAT, YOU KNOW!"



1878.

HUMILITY IN SPLENDOUR.

The Rev. Lazarus Jones (who has been honoured by an invitation to lunch with that great man, Sir Gorgius Midas, just returned from America). "I suppose you are glad to get BACK TO YOUR COMFORTABLE HOUSE AGAIN, SIR GORGIUS!"

Sir Gorgius Midas (who perhaps does not like his palatial residence to be called a "comfortable house"). "YES, JONES! BE IT EVER SO 'UMBLE, JONES, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE 'OME!"



ALARMING SCARCITY.

SCENE—Club Smoking-Room.

1874.

First Young Swell. "Aw!—GOING ANYWHERE?"

Second Ditto. "No!—ASKED TO TEN 'HOPS' TO-NIGHT! THE IDEA HAS COMPLETELY FLOORED ME!"

Third Ditto. "BY JOVE! I'VE BEEN THINKING OF LETTING MYSELF OUT AT TEN POUNDS A NIGHT. A FELLOW MIGHT RECOUP HIMSELF FOR A BAD BOOK ON THE DERBY."



AT A SMOKING
CONCERT.

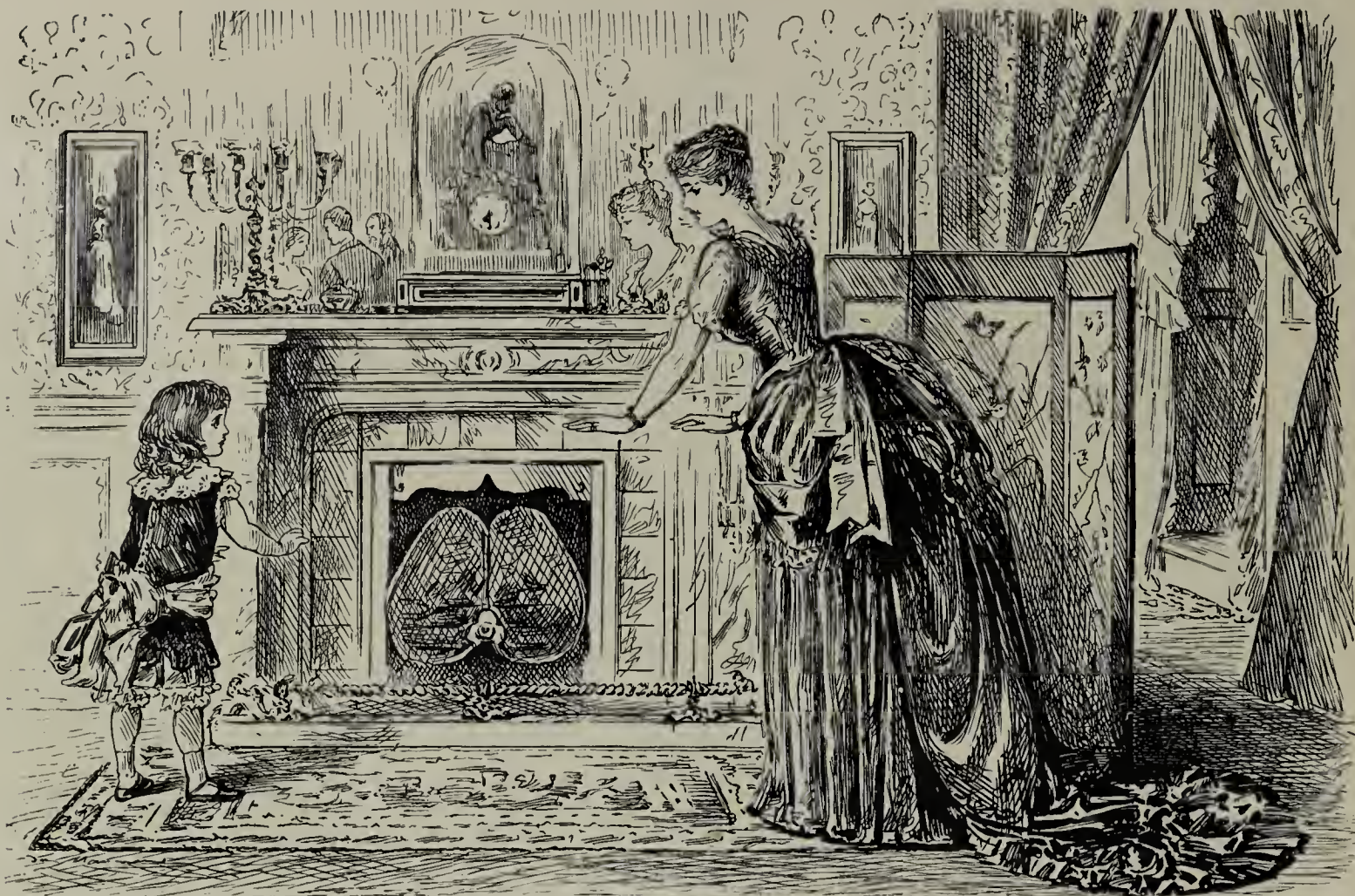
Herr Professor. "YOU HAF A BLEASING FOICE, MY YOUNG VRENT! POT YOU TON'T BROTUCE IT IN A LECHIDIMATE VAY!"

Our Tenor. "PERHAPS IF I DID IT WOULD NO LONGER PLEASE."

Herr Professor. "ACH! VAT OF DAT? BLEASURE IS NOT EFFERY DING! YOU SHOULD ALWAYS BROTUCE YOUR FOICE IN A LECHIDIMATE VAY, VEDDER IT KIFS BLEASURE OR NOT!"

1881.

AT A SMOKING CONCERT.



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.—1.

1885.

Visitor at Country House. "BY THE BYE, YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHO I WAS THIS MORNING, MARGUERITE!"
Small Daughter of the House. "No; who WERE you?"



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.—2.

1885.

Grandmamma. "HARK, DOROTHY! DO YOU HEAR THE PUFF-PUFF?"
Dorothy. "THE LOCOMOTIVE, I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN, GRANDMAMMA!"



1878.

A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

"NOW THEN, EFFIE, COME ALONG!"

"JUST LET ME STOP HERE FOR A MOMENT, MAMMA. I WANT TO GET AN IDEA OR TWO FOR PARKER."

[Parker is the Lady's-Maid.]



1888.

AWKWARD REVELATIONS.

Effie. "GEORGIE AND I HAVE BEEN DOWN-STAIRS IN THE DINING-ROOM, MR. MITCHAM. WE'VE BEEN PLAYING HUSBAND AND WIFE!"

Mr. Mitcham. "HOW DID YOU DO THAT, MY DEAR?"

Effie. "WHY, GEORGY SAT AT ONE END OF THE TABLE, AND I SAT AT THE OTHER; AND GEORGY SAID, 'THIS FOOD ISN'T FIT TO EAT!' AND I SAID, 'IT'S ALL YOU'LL GET!' AND GEORGY SAID, 'DAM!' AND I GOT UP AND LEFT THE ROOM!"



1876.

SWEET SYMPATHY.

SCENE—The Cloak Room. Enter CLARA (æ. 17), conscious of having made THE conquest of the evening, and expectant of a shower of congratulations and chaff.

Cousin (æ. 29). "HOW I DID FEEL FOR YOU ALL THE EVENING, YOU POOR DEAR! INTOLERABLE OF THAT DREADFUL YOUNG FITZMADDER TO VICTIMISE YOU SO!! REALLY AWFUL THE WAY THAT STYLE OF MEN THINK THEY MAY TREAT VERY YOUNG GIRLS!!!"



1879.

WEDDING GIFTS.

Bride. "OH, MAMMA!—SEE WHAT'S JUST COME!"

Mamma. "CHARMING!—HOW KIND OF THEM! WHO SENT IT?"

Bride. "OH, I DIDN'T LOOK. BUT IT MAKES NO. 248!"

Sister (who is writing out the list of presents). "249, DARLING; 248 CAME JUST AFTER LUNCH!"



THE MAIDEN'S POINT OF VIEW.

1883.

Mamma (to Maud, who has been with her Brother to the Play, and is full of it). "BUT WAS THERE NO LOVE IN THE PIECE, THEN?"

Maud. "LOVE? OH DEAR NO, MAMMA. HOW COULD THERE BE? THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS WERE HUSBAND AND WIFE, YOU KNOW!"



AFTER THE PARTY.

1881.

Elderly Coquette. "AND I'M SURE YOU NAUGHTY GIRLS SAT UP EVER SO LATE, TALKING US OVER! HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE HID MYSELF BEHIND A SCREEN AND HEARD IT ALL!"

Horrid Boy. "No, YOU WOULDN'T!"



DANGERS OF INDISCRIMINATE PRAISE.

(A CAUTION TO MOTHERS.)

Mrs. Tomlinson (to extremely eligible Young Lady). "I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE MY SON RICHARD, MY DEAR MISS GOLDMORE! NOT THAT HE'S EXACTLY BRILLIANT, YOU KNOW, BUT HE'S SO STEADY AND GOOD. SPENDS ALL HIS EVENINGS AT HOME, AND ALWAYS IN BED BY ELEVEN! HE'S NEVER GIVEN ME AN HOUR'S UNEASINESS IN HIS LIFE!"

"GOOD GRACIOUS!" EXCLAIMS MISS GOLDMORE, AND INSTANTLY CONCEIVES FOR RICHARD A FRANTIC AVERSION.

[Which is not lessened when she discovers that he's that Modest Youth in the background, pulling on his glove.]

1883.

DANGERS OF INDISCRIMINATE PRAISE.



THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Mrs. Mowbray de Vere Smithers. "HERE'S THAT HORRID VICOMTE DE SAINTE-ALDEGONDE, AS HE CALLS HIMSELF, WHO STOLE LORD MASHAM'S SLEEVE STUDS AT MONTE CARLO, AND WAS SENT TO PRISON; HE WAS A GARÇON DE CAFÉ OR SOMETHING, AND HIS REAL NAME IS CRAPULOT. I WONDER SUCH PEOPLE ARE ADMITTED ANYWHERE!"

The Colonel. "BUT—PARDON ME—SURELY I MET HIM AT YOUR HOUSE LAST NIGHT!"

Mrs. Mowbray de Vere Smithers. 'OH, EVERYBODY ASKS HIM, YOU KNOW—SO OF COURSE I DO!'

1885.

THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.



1886.

FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

Her Grace. "THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR KEEPING SUCH NICE PLACES FOR US, JUDGE! IT WAS QUITE A TREAT! WHAT ROMANTIC-LOOKING CREATURES THEY ARE, THOSE FOUR PIRATES! I SUPPOSE THEY REALLY *DID* CUT THE CAPTAIN AND MATE AND COOK INTO BITS, AND THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT THE VERDICT?"

Sir Draco. "VERY LITTLE INDEED, I FEAR!"

Her Grace. "POOR DEARS! I SUPPOSE IF I AND THE GIRLS GET THERE BETWEEN FIVE AND SIX TO-MORROW, WE SHALL BE IN TIME TO SEE YOU PASS THE SENTENCE? SORRY TO MISS YOUR SUMMING-UP, BUT WE'VE GOT AN AFTERNOON CONCERT, YOU KNOW!"

Sir Draco. "I'LL TAKE CARE THAT IT SHALL BE ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, DUCHESS!"



AN ACCOMPLISHED MUSICIAN.

Sir Charles (an eligible bachelor, who is passionately fond of Music, and evidently admires Miss Madeline). "THOSE ARE AWFULLY DIFFICULT VALSES YOU'RE PLAYING, MISS MADELINE. I SUPPOSE YOU'VE PRACTISED THEM NO END!"

Miss Madeline (ingenuously gazing at Sir Charles, and continuing to play with great brilliancy and precision). "O DEAR, NO, SIR CHARLES. I NEVER SAW THEM BEFORE; INDEED, I NEVER EVEN HEARD THE COMPOSER'S NAME UNTIL MRS. BLINKINSOP ASKED ME TO PLAY THEM FOR THE YOUNG ONES TO DANCE TO. IT'S SO NICE TO BE ABLE TO MAKE ONESELF USEFUL. DON'T YOU THINK SO?" &c., &c., &c.

[SIR CHARLES'S admiration for a young Lady who can thus play difficult Music at sight, while she looks softly at him, and talks so pleasantly, knows no bounds.

1878.

AN ACCOMPLISHED MUSICIAN



EXPERIMENTUM IN CORPORE VILI.

1880.

Head Milliner. "YOU WILL NOW BE ABLE TO JUDGE, MADAM, HOW BECOMING A GREEN WREATH IS TO A PERSON WITH YOUR COLOURED HAIR!"



COMPARING NOTES.

1881.

"A DULL SEASON? I THINK NOT! SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE GIVEN DANCES, YOU KNOW!"
 "NOT IN OUR SET, AT ALL EVENTS—FOR WE'VE NOT BEEN ASKED TO ANY!"



WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

1880.

Eldest Daughter. "I THINK YOU MIGHT LET ME COME OUT, MAMMA! I'M TWENTY, YOU KNOW, AND SURELY I'VE FINISHED MY EDUCATION!"

Festive Mamma (by no means prepared to act the part of *Chaperone and Wallflower*). "NOT YET, MY LOVE. SOCIETY IS SO HOLLOW! I REALLY MUST PRESERVE THAT SWEET GIRLISH FRESHNESS OF YOURS A LITTLE WHILE LONGER!"



ANNALS OF A WINTER HEALTH RESORT.

Lady Visitor. "OH, THAT'S YOUR DOCTOR, IS IT? WHAT SORT OF A DOCTOR IS HE?"

Lady Resident. "OH, WELL, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HIS ABILITY; BUT HE'S GOT A VERY GOOD BEDSIDE MANNER!"

ANNALS OF A WINTER HEALTH RESORT.

1884.



1882.

A DIPLOMATIC ANSWER.

A DIPLOMATIC ANSWER.

Lady Godiva. 'BUT SURELY, DOCTOR, YOU DON'T APPROVE OF THOSE HORRID ÆSTHETIC FASHIONS IN WOMEN'S DRESS?'

The Doctor. "MY DEAR MADAM, SO LONG AS A WOMAN IS BEAUTIFUL, SHE MAY WEAR WHATEVER SHE LIKES, FOR ME; AND IF SHE ISN'T, WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHAT SHE WEARS?"

[*Lady G. thinks the Doctor a most delightful person, and quite agrees with him!*]



1887.

SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST.

Host (who has trod on the Lady's Skirt). "OH! FORGIVE ME! YOU SEE IT'S MY NATURAL INSTINCT TO DETAIN YOU!"



1882.

THE DANCING MAN OF THE PERIOD.

"A—SORRY I CAN'T GIVE YOU A DANCE JUST YET, MISS FITZJONES. MIGHT PERHAPS MANAGE ONE FOR YOU LATER ON; THAT IS IF YOU MAY STOP LONG ENOUGH, YOU KNOW!"



ACCURACY.

1882.

"AND WHAT THEN WAS THE DATE EXACTLY OF YOUR POOR HUSBAND'S DEATH?"

"LET ME RECOLLECT MYSELF, MA'AM! WELL, IF HE'D 'A LIVED TO WEDNESDAY NEXT, HE'D 'A BEEN DEAD THREE WEEKS!"



A GENEROUS TRIUMPH.

1880.

A GENEROUS TRIUMPH.

"WHAT'S WRONG BETWEEN YOU AND SMYTHE, THAT YOU DON'T SPEAK?"

"HAW! FACT IS, WE WERE BOTH WIVALS FOR THE HAND OF THE SAME YOUNG LADY—A CELEBWATED BEAUTY, YOU KNOW!—AND—WELL, I DON'T WANT TO BWAG, BUT I GOT THE *BEST* OF IT. POOR SMYTHE!"

"MY DEAR FELLOW, A *THOUSAND* CONGRATULATIONS!"

"THANKS AWF'LY! WE BOTH PROPOSED LAST WEEK, YOU KNOW, AND SHE ACCEPTED—A—*HIM!*"



1888.

THE HEIGHT OF MASHERDOM.

"WELL, TA-TA, OLD MAN! MY PEOPLE ARE WAITING UP FOR ME, YOU KNOW!" "WHY, DON'T YOU CARRY A LATCH-KEY?"

"CARRY A LATCH-KEY! NOT I! A LATCH-KEY 'D SPOIL ANY FELLER'S FIGURE!"



1879.

EPISODES IN HIGH LIFE.

(From Jeames's Sketch-book.)

Sir Charles. "I OUGHT TO TAKE YOU DOWN TO DINNER, DUCHESS ;
BUT THE STAIRCASES OF THESE LONDON HOUSES ARE SO ABSURDLY NARROW,
YOU KNOW !"



1879.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"WHO'S THAT FRIZZLY BLACK-HAIRED WOMAN TALKING TO MY HUSBAND ON THE OTTOMAN?" — "SHE'S A MRS. CADOGAN SMYTHE." — "INDEED! SHE'S GOOD AT FLATTERING PEOPLE, I SHOULD SAY; AND KNOWS HOW TO LAY IT ON PRETTY THICK!" — "AH! YOU INFER THAT, NO DOUBT, FROM HER ATTITUDE AND EXPRESSION?" — "OH DEAR, NO! FROM MY *HUSBAND'S*!"

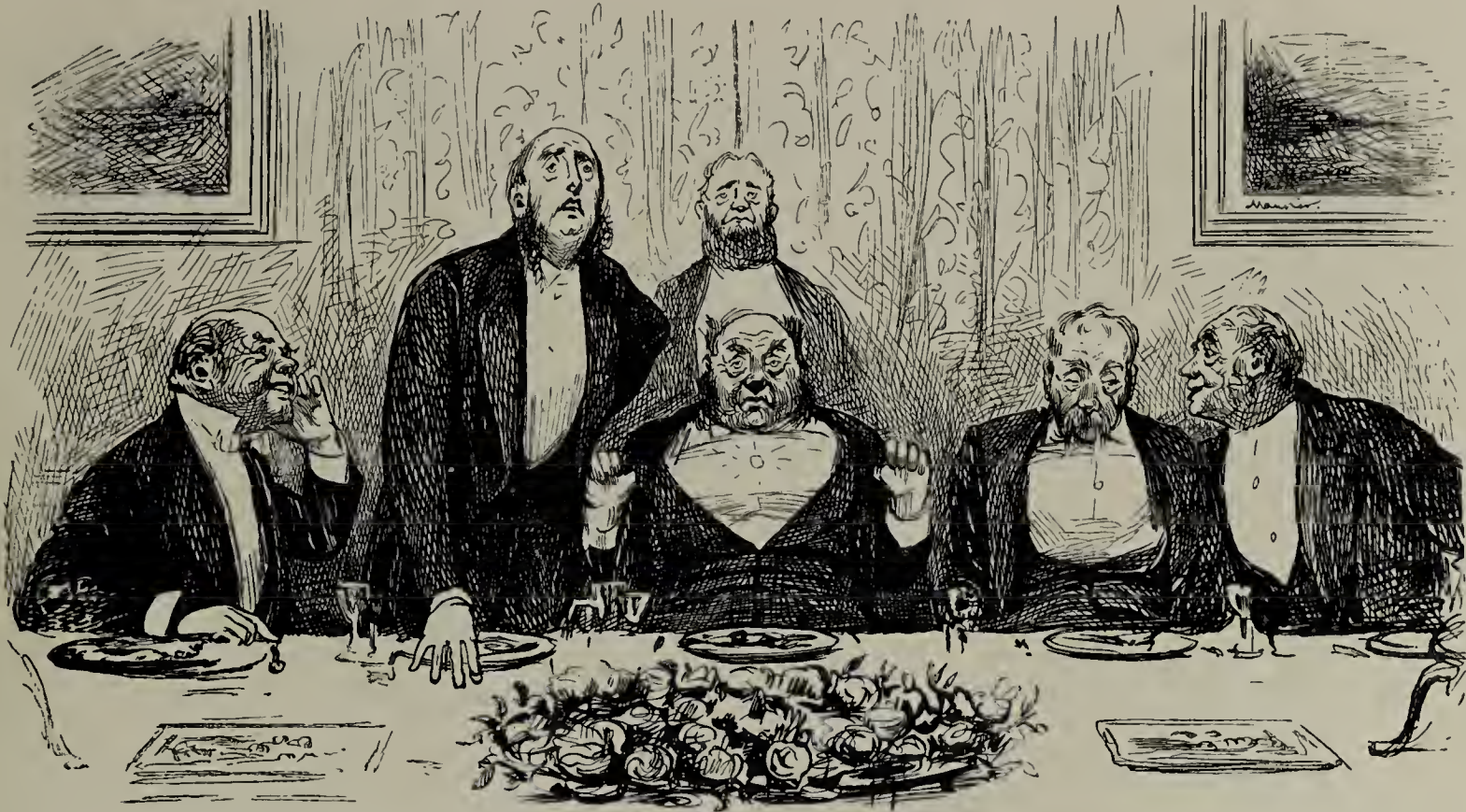


1879.

RATHER AWKWARD.

Young Rattleton Bragge (affably to middle-aged Stranger, whom he finds alone in Browne's Studio). "GOOD PICTURE, AIN'T IT! OLD STILTON'S BOUGHT IT—THE DUKE, YOU KNOW. BROWNE'S GOING DOWN TO STILTON TO SHOOT. WISH I COULD GO WITH HIM; BUT I'M BOOKED IN LONDON TILL CHRISTMAS—JUST MY LUCK! CAPITAL OLD BOY, STILTON! LOOKS LIKE AN OLD-CLOTHESMAN; GETS TIGHT AFTER DINNER; TELLS RUMMY STORIES; MAKES YOU ROAR! FINE OLD PLACE—CAPITAL SHOOTING! AWF'LY JOLLY GIRLS, THE LADIES CAMEMBERT—NEARLY A DOZEN OF 'EM, ALL FRECKLED. DUCHESS TREMENDOUS MATCH-MAKER—BAG YOU BEFORE YOU CAN SAY 'JACK ROBINSON,' IF YOU DON'T LOOK OUT! AWFUL FUN, THE OLD DUCHESS! D'YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW HER BY SIGHT?—SHINY RED NOSE, AND AS UNDER-HUNG AS A BULL-DOG—AH, HERE'S BROWNE AT LAST!"

Enter Browne, suddenly. "AH, BRAGGE, HOW ARE YOU? LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THE DUKE OF STILTON!"



ARCADES OMNES. "SIR GORGIUS MIDAS IN THE CHAIR."

1883.

Toast Master. "PRAY SILENCE, GENTLEMEN, FOR SIR POMPEY BEDELL!"

Sir Pompey Bedell. "SIR GORGIUS—AND—GENTLEMEN——"

Grigsby (aside to Ponsonby de Tomphyns). "AHEN, A VERY PROPER DISTINCTION!"



TAKING MEASURE.

1879.

Tailor (to stout Customer). "HAVE THE KINDNESS TO PUT YOUR FINGER ON THIS BIT OF TAPE, SIR,—JUST HERE! I'LL BE ROUND IN A MINUTE!"

FASHIONABLE
EMULATION.

Lady (speaking with difficulty). "WHAT HAVE YOU MADE IT ROUND THE WAIST, MRS. PRICE?"

Dressmaker. "TWENTY-ONE INCHES, MA'AM. YOU COULDN'T BREATHE WITH LESS!"

Lady. "WHAT'S LADY JEMIMA JONES'S WAIST?"

Dressmaker. "NINETEEN-AND-A-HALF JUST NOW, MA'AM. BUT HER LADYSHIP'S A HEAD SHORTER THAN YOU ARE, AND SHE'S GOT EVER SO MUCH THINNER SINCE HER ILLNESS LAST AUTUMN!"

Lady. "THEN MAKE IT NINETEEN, MRS. PRICE, AND I'LL ENGAGE TO GET INTO IT!"



FASHIONABLE EMULATION.

1877.

NONE OF OUR JOYS
ARE PERFECT.

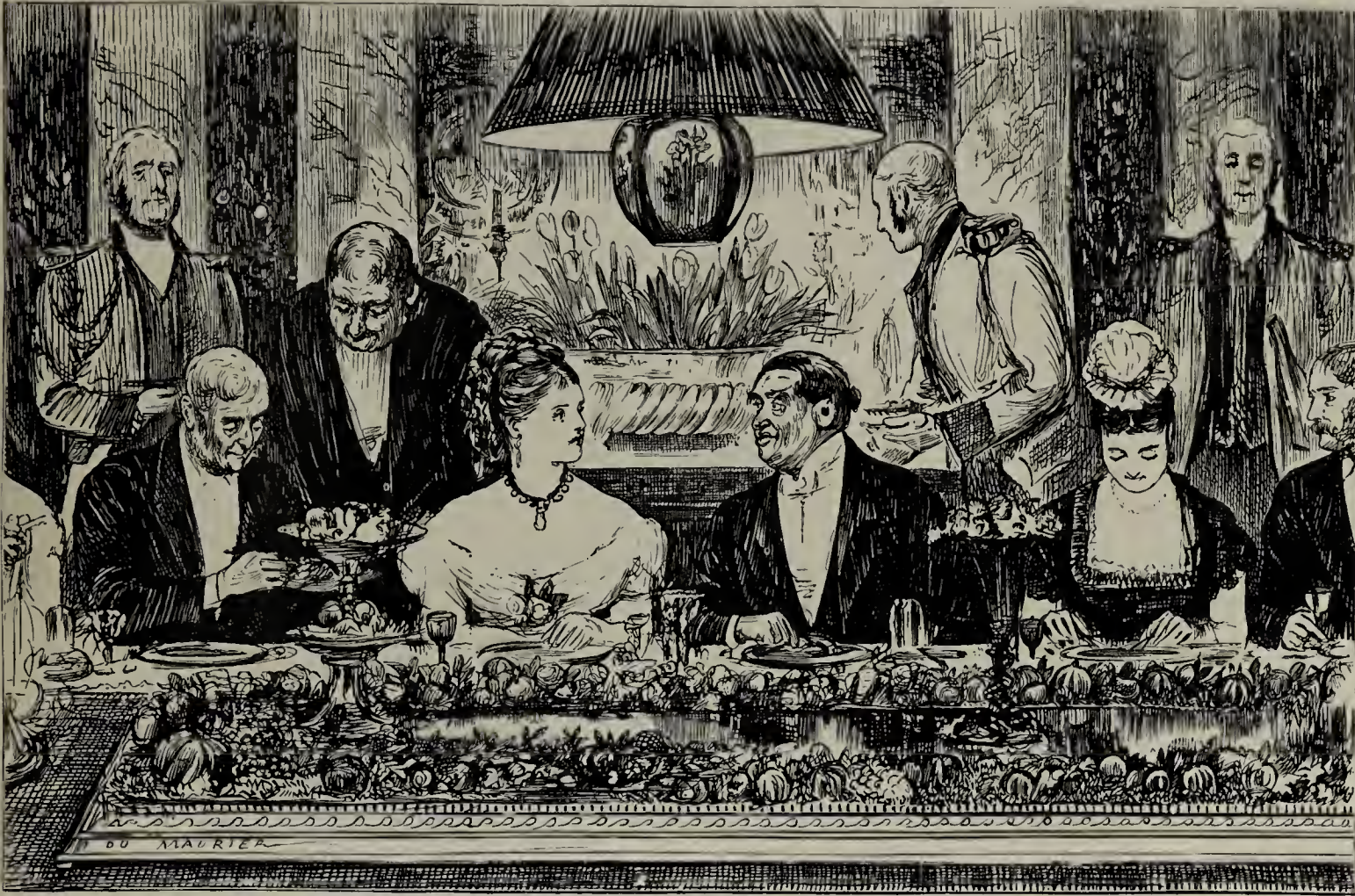
Mrs. Sopely (a great Favourite, somehow, with most of our sex). "No, INDEED, MR. SPARKS! I NEVER, NEVER FLATTER! BUT IT WON'T DO TO TELL ME THAT NATURE HAS NOT BEEN UNFAIR IN LAVISHING ALL HER CHOICEST GIFTS UPON YOU ALONE!"

[*Sparks is a modest man, but he can't help thinking that if the Lady on his OTHER side, now, were only to talk to him a little in this strain, he could stand a good deal more of it!*



NONE OF OUR JOYS ARE PERFECT.

1880.



THE BUSINESS OF PLEASURE.

Professor Guzzleton (to Fair Chatterbox). "ARE YOU AWARE THAT OUR HOST HAS A FRENCH COOK?"

Fair Chatterbox. "SO I HEAR!"

Professor Guzzleton. "AND THAT THAT FRENCH COOK IS THE BEST IN LONDON?"

Fair Chatterbox. "SO I BELIEVE!"

Professor Guzzleton. "THEN DON'T YOU THINK WE HAD BETTER DEFER ALL FURTHER CONVERSATION TILL WE MEET AGAIN IN THE DRAWING-ROOM?"

THE BUSINESS OF PLEASURE.

1876.



FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

"GOING TO THE THROAT AND EAR BALL, LADY MARY?"

"NO—WE ARE ENGAGED TO THE INCURABLE IDIOTS."

"THEN PERHAPS I MAY MEET YOU AT THE EPILEPTIC DANCE ON FRIDAY?"

"OH, YES—WE ARE SURE TO BE THERE. THE EPILEPTIC STEWARDS ARE SO DELIGHTFUL!"

FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

1877.



A SENSITIVE PLANT.

1877.

(Herr Pumpernickel, having just played a Composition of his own, bursts into Tears.)

Chorus of Friends. "OH, WHAT IS THE MATTER? WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?"

Herr Pumpernickel. "ACH! NOSSING! NOSSING! BOT VEN I HEAR REALLY COOT MUSIC, ZEN MUST I ALWAYS VEEP!"



HAVING A GOOD TIME.

1887.

Mamma. "IT'S VERY LATE, EMILY. HAS ANYBODY TAKEN YOU DOWN TO SUPPER?"

Fair D butante (who has a fine healthy appetite). "OH YES, MAMMA—SEVERAL PEOPLE!"



A SEASONED VESSEL.

1879.

The Squire (engaging new Butler). "WELL, I DARE SAY YOU'LL DO; BUT LOOK HERE, RICHARDS, I MAY AS WELL WARN YOU THAT I OFTEN GET OUT OF TEMPER WITH MY SERVANTS, AND WHEN I DO, I LET 'EM HAVE IT HOT—MAKE USE OF DEVILISH STRONG LANGUAGE, YOU KNOW."

New Butler (with quiet dignity). "I HAVE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO THAT, SIR, FROM MY LORD THE BISHOP!"



A SINE QUÂ NON.

1879.

A SINE QUÂ NON.

Patient. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY MY COMPLAINT IS A DANGEROUS ONE?"

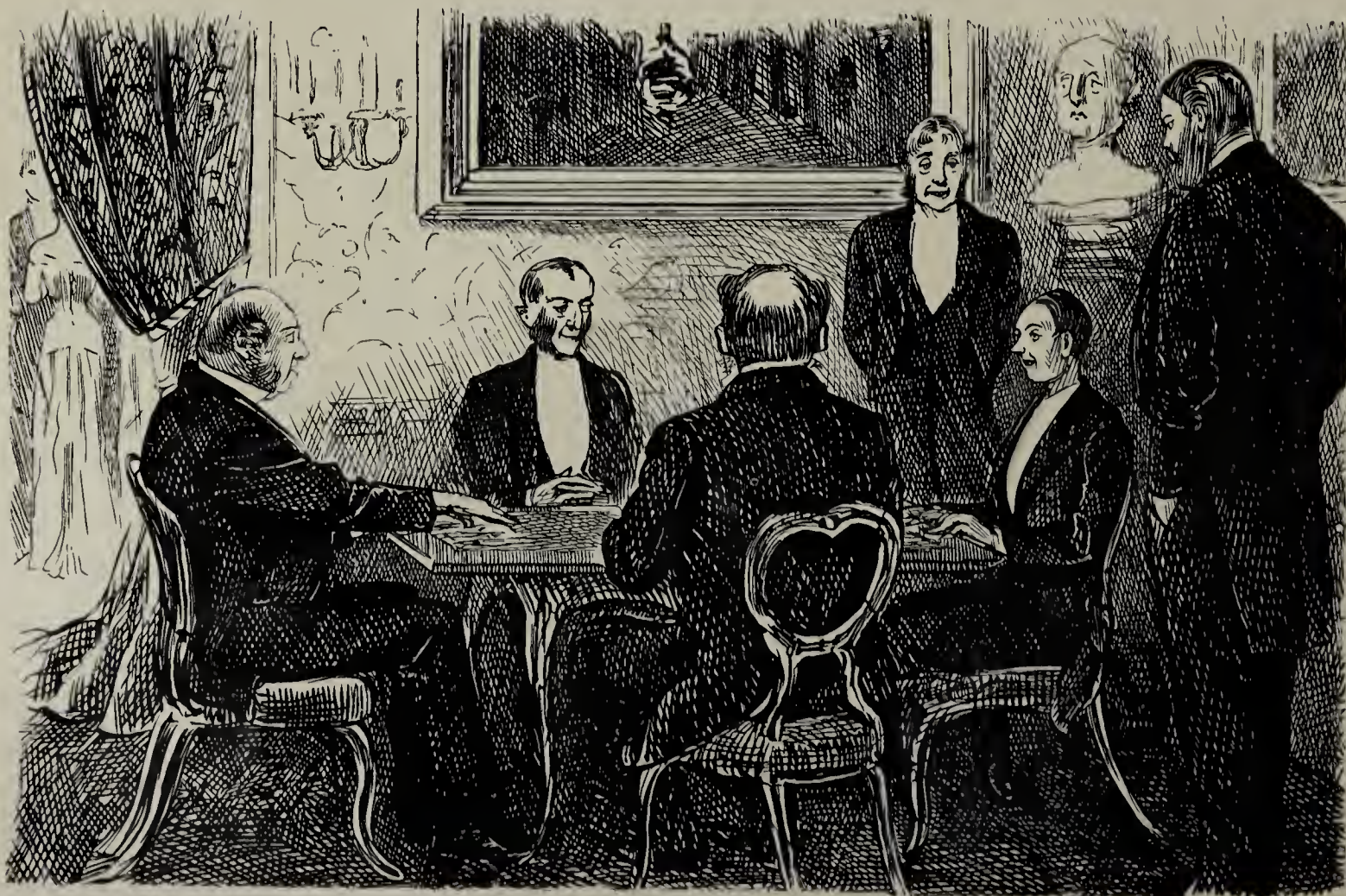
Doctor. "A VERY DANGEROUS ONE, MY DEAR FRIEND. STILL, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO RECOVER FROM IT; SO YOU MUST NOT GIVE UP ALL HOPE. BUT RECOLLECT ONE THING: YOUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO KEEP IN A CHEERFUL FRAME OF MIND, AND AVOID ANYTHING LIKE DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1883.

Hostess. "WHAT FUN YOU SEEM TO BE HAVING OVER THERE, CAPTAIN SMILEY! I WISH YOU ALL SAT AT THIS END OF THE TABLE!"



A PROMISING PARTNER.

1878.

"HAVE YOU PLAYED MUCH, MR. GREEN?"—"OH, YES; A GREAT DEAL."
 "I HOPE YOU HAVE GOOD LUCK."—"OH, YES—VERY! ONCE I HAD THIRTEEN TRUMPS IN MY OWN HAND."
 "REALLY! THEN OF COURSE YOU WERE DEALER?"—"OH, NO; INDEED I WASN'T. I PLAYED THIRD HAND!"



A HOST IN HERSELF.

1880.

Mrs. Polkimore Hopkins (who has been asked to bring one or two "dancing young men" with her). "THIS IS ONLY A FIRST INSTALMENT, DEAR MRS. JENKINSON! THERE ARE PLENTY MORE COMING!"



A BOND OF SYMPATHY.

1880.

Mariana. "YOU SEEM VERY MUCH ATTRACTED BY THAT MR. SOMERVILLE, BELLA. YOU WENT IN TO SUPPER WITH HIM TWICE TO-NIGHT! HE'S NOT RICH, HE'S NOT YOUNG, HE'S NEITHER CLEVER NOR GOOD-LOOKING! WHAT IS HIS PARTICULAR CHARM?"

Bella (pensively, after a pause). "HE HATES MAYONNAISE. SO DO I!"



PHRENOLOGICAL VIEW OF SOCIAL RANK.

1873.

PHRENOLOGICAL
VIEW OF SOCIAL
RANK.

"WHO IS THAT VENERABLE PARTY THE TWO MISS BOTTIBOLDS ARE TALKING TO?"

"I BELIEVE HIS NAME IS SIR RIGBY DIGBY."

"ER — BARONET, OF COURSE; NOT KNIGHT?"

"BARONET, I THINK. BUT WHY 'OF COURSE'?"

"WELL — ER — THE SHAPE OF HIS CRANIUM INDUCES ME TO BELIEVE — ER — THAT THE DISTINCTION IS MORE LIKELY TO HAVE BEEN INHERITED THAN ACQUIRED!"



AT LOSS FOR A WORD.

1872.

Distinguished Foreigner. "ACH! MEES! I GONCRATULADE YOU VROM DE POTTOM OF MY HART!! YOU HAVE BLAYED AND ZUNG KVITE—KVITE——"

Fair Performer. "QUITE EXECRABLY?"

Distinguished Foreigner. "ACH! YES! DAFS IS DE VORT!—QVITE EXEKRAPLY!"



1879.

CRUEL.

Fair One (during an interval in the Valse). "YOU'RE VERY FOND OF DANCING, AIN'T YOU?"
Brown. "YAAS. I GO IN FOR IT A GOOD DEAL."
Fair One. "I WONDER YOU DON'T LEARN!"



1880.

MUSIC AT HOME.

Jones (an eligible Bachelor, whispering tenderly). "THERE'S TOO MUCH MUSIC IN THIS WORLD, MISS MARY. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN MARRIED LONG AGO, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR TOO MUCH MUSIC! WHENEVER I'D SCREWED UP MY PLUCK TO THE PITCH OF POPPING THE QUESTION, SOMEBODY ALWAYS BEGAN TO SING, AND OF COURSE I HAD TO——"

Chorus of Bystanders. "SHSHSHSHSH!"

[Poor Jones is frustrated for the twelfth time!]



TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE.

1872.

"YOU SEEM TO BE A GREAT FAVOURITE WITH THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE HOUSE, MISS MUNDAYNE!"

"YES! I'M ALWAYS CIVIL TO GIRLS! ONE NEVER KNOWS WHOM THEY MAY MARRY, YOU KNOW!"



CLUB SMOKING-ROOM.

6.30 P.M.

Octogenarian. "LET ME OFFER YOU A LIGHT, AND SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF GETTING UP!"

Youth. "A—THA-A-NKS! SO KIND OF YOU!"

Octogenarian. "DON'T MENTION IT! I ALWAYS MAKE A POINT OF BEING CIVIL TO RICH YOUNG MEN WHO SMOKE AND DRINK SHERRY JUST BEFORE DINNER!"

Youth. "A—WHY?"

Octogenarian. "WELL—THEY MIGHT PERHAPS MENTION ME IN THEIR WILLS, YOU KNOW!"

CLUB SMOKING-ROOM.—6.30 P.M.

1878.



SUNDAY AT HOME.

1878.

Wife. "GOOD-BYE, DICK, I'M GOING TO CHURCH. NOW PROMISE YOU WON'T PLAY THE FLUTE."

Anti-Sabbatarian Husband. "POOH! WHY NOT?"

Wife. "WELL, DICK, THE NEW COOK HAS COME, AND SHE MIGHT BE SHOCKED, YOU KNOW."



ACCOMMODATING.

Customer. "YES, I LIKE THE BONNET; BUT I DO NOT WANT THE CAP IN IT."

Show-Woman. "OH, YOU CAN HAVE IT WITHOUT, IF YOU LIKE. WITH THE CAP IT'S A BONNET, YOU KNOW, AND WITHOUT IT IT'S AN 'AT!'"

1878.

ACCOMMODATING.



DRAWING-ROOM MINSTRELS.—(WHAT THEY HAVE TO PUT UP WITH SOMETIMES.)

1872.

Affable Duchess (to Amateur Tenor, who has just been warbling M. Gounod's last). "CHARMING! CHARMING! YOU MUST REALLY GET SOMEBODY TO INTRODUCE YOU TO ME!"



A SMART YOUTH.

Cousin Millicent (with smothered indignation). "GOOD-BYE, ROBERT! AND SINCE IT SEEMS YOU FOUND NOTHING FITTER THAN MY FAVOURITE BIT OF JAPANESE ENAMEL TO DROP YOUR CIGAR ASHES IN, LAST NIGHT, PERHAPS YOU'LL ACCEPT IT AS A GIFT! IT HAS NO FURTHER VALUE FOR ME AFTER SUCH DESECRATION!"

Cousin Robert. "THANKS, MILLICENT! AND IF THAT'S THE WAY ARTICLES OF PRICELESS VALUE ARE DISPOSED OF IN YOUR BRANCH OF THE FAMILY, I CAN ONLY REGRET I DIDN'T MAKE AN ASH-PAN OF YOUR HAND!"

A SMART YOUTH.

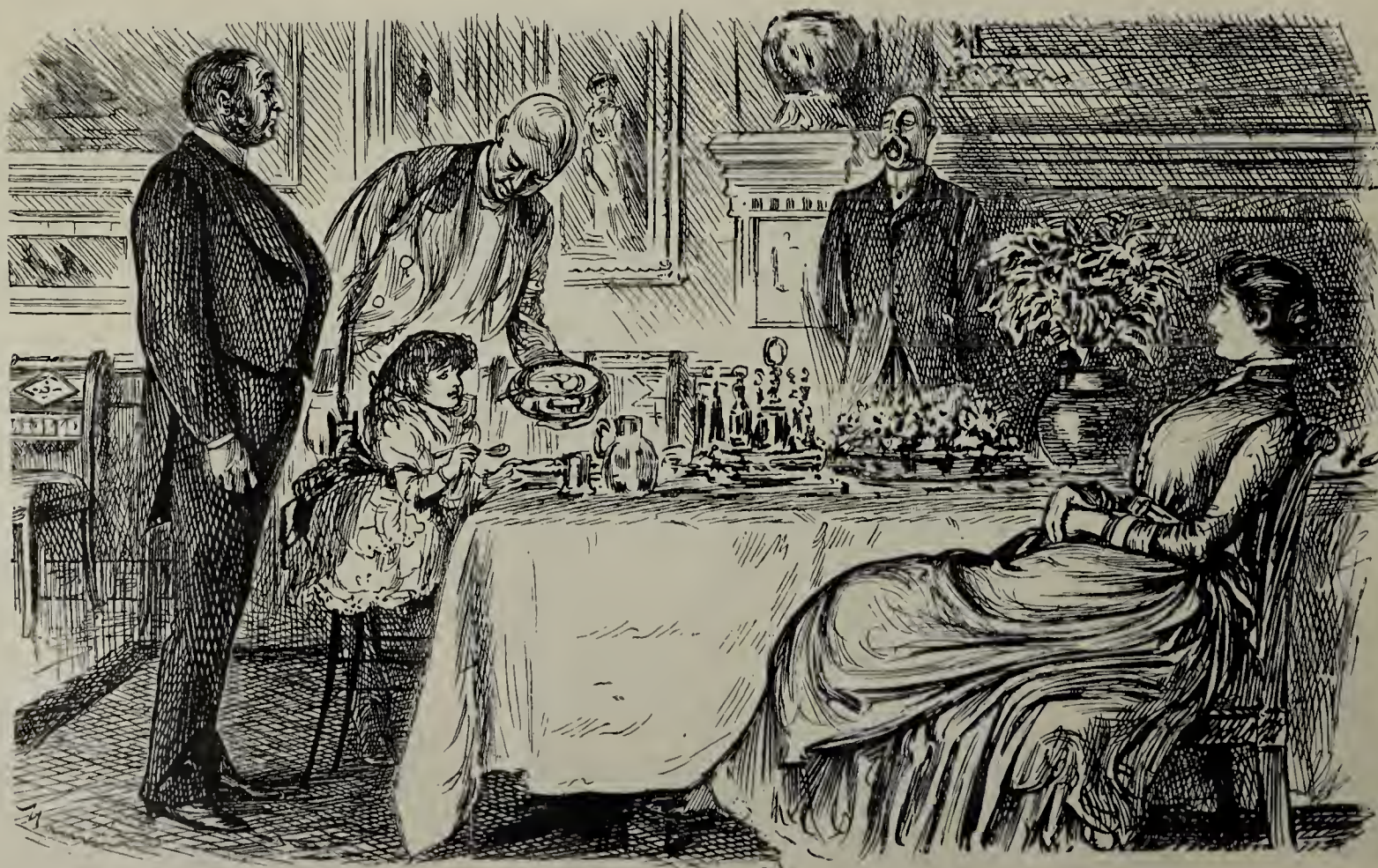
1873.



PRUDENCE.

1875.

Very Small Mite. "ARE YOU FOND OF SUGAR-PLUMS?" *Lady.* "NO, MY DEAR, THANK YOU!"
Very Small Mite. "THEN, WILL YOU KEEP THESE FOR ME, PLEASE?"



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.—3.

1886.

"AND DID YOU HAVE GOOD DINNERS AT LABURNUM VILLA MARGARET?"
 "OH, VERY INDEED, MOTHER. BUT, ONLY FANCY! AUNT MATILDA HAS GOT A WOMAN FOR A COOK!"



THE SHORTEST
WAY THE BEST.

*Mamma (to Ethel,
on their way to the
latter's first Party).*
"Now, MIND, DARL-
ING, IF YOU SEE ANY
NICE THINGS ON THE
TABLE THAT YOU'D
LIKE TO EAT, YOU
MUSTN'T ASK FOR
THEM!"

Ethel. "O No,
MAMMA!—I'LL TAKE
THEM!"

1875.

THE SHORTEST WAY THE BEST.



AN INVESTMENT.

1877.

Mamma. "WELL, TOMMY, WHAT DID UNCLE DIVES GIVE YOU WHEN YOU WENT TO SEE HIM YESTERDAY?"

Tommy. "HE GAVE ME A BEAUTIFUL BRIGHT NEW THREEPENNY-PIECE!"

Papa. "AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?"

Tommy. "I'M GOING TO BUY A PURSE TO PUT IT IN."



"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT."

1876.

The German Nurse. "IS IT A CHERMAN OR AN ENGLISH PAPPY?"

The Mamma. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. YOU SEE SHE WAS BORN IN ENGLAND, BUT MY HUSBAND IS GERMAN."

The German Nurse. "ACH, SÔH! ZEN VE VILL WAIT TO SEE VAT LENK-VETCH SHE VILL SCHBEAK, AND ZEN VE VILL KNOW!"



THE SLANG OF THE DAY.

1871.

(Fragment of Fashionable Conversation.)

Youth. "A-AWFUL HOT, AIN'T IT?"

Maiden. "YES, AWFUL!" (Pause.)

Youth. "A-AWFUL JOLLY FLOOR FOR DANCING, AIN'T IT?"

Maiden. "YES, AWFUL!" (Pause.)

Youth. "A-A-AWFUL JOLLY SAD ABOUT THE POOR DUCHESS, AIN'T IT?"

Maiden. "YES-QUITE TOO AWFUL——" (And so forth.)



A HOPEFUL CASE.

1880.

A HOPEFUL CASE.

Patient. "THEN, ACCORDING TO YOU, DOCTOR, IN ORDER TO LIVE AT ALL, I MUST GIVE UP ALL THAT MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

Doctor. "I'M AFRAID SO—AT LEAST FOR A FEW YEARS."

Patient. "PERHAPS YOU'D RECOMMEND ME TO MARRY?"

Doctor (a confirmed Bachelor). "OH NO! COME, MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S NOT QUITE SO BAD AS ALL THAT, YOU KNOW."



1878.

HOSPITALITY.

Maud (Daughter of the House). "THERE ARE THOSE TWO MISS TOMLINSONS—HORRID THINGS! I WONDER WHO ASKED THEM!"
Eva (ditto). "I DID. PAPA MADE ME. BUT WE NEEDN'T FIND THEM PARTNERS, YOU KNOW!"



DIAGNOSIS.

1884.

"IS THE RECTOR BETTER TO-DAY, JARVIS?"
 "NO, SIR; NOT ANY BETTER, SIR!"
 "HAS HE GOT A *LOCUM TENENS*?"
 "NO, SIR. SAME OLD PAIN IN THE BACK!"



LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'ENNUIE.

1882.

"WHAT! YAWNING ALREADY, LADY VEREKERS! WHY, IT'S ONLY MONDAY!"



WHAT WE MAY
LOOK FORWARD TO,
NOW THAT THE
ARISTOCRACY IS
TAKING TO TRADE.

Lord Plantagenet (to
Fair Customer, who has
just given an enormous
order for Sugar, Soap,
and Pickles). "ANY
OTHER ARTICLE TO-DAY,
MADAM?"

Fair Customer. "ER—
WELL—A—I HEAR
YOUR SISTER-IN-LAW,
THE DUCHESS OF PEN-
TONVILLE, IS GOING TO
GIVE A GARDEN PARTY
AT FULHAM. ER—
WOULD IT BE ASKING
TOO MUCH IF I WERE
TO BEG OF HER GRACE,
THROUGH YOU, THE
FAVOUR OF AN INVITA-
TION FOR MYSELF AND
MY TWO DAUGHTERS?"

Lord Plantagenet. "IT
SHALL BE SEEN TO,
MADAM!"

WHAT WE MAY LOOK FORWARD TO, NOW THAT THE ARISTOCRACY IS TAKING TO TRADE.

1876.



A HARD CASE.

Enter Young Husband,
who throws himself into
a chair, and exclaims—

"WHAT! TOOTHACHE
AGAIN, MARIA! I DO
CALL THAT HARD UPON
A FELLER! WHY, YOU
HAD TOOTHACHE WHEN
I LEFT THIS MORNING!
AND HERE HAVE I BEEN
AT EPSOM ALL DAY,
WITH THE JOLLIEST LOT
O' FELLERS EVER GOT
TOGETHER IN ONE DRAG,
AND WON A POT O'
MONEY, AND HAD NO
END OF A JOLLY TIME,
AND I DID THINK I
SHOULD FIND SOMETHING
CHEERFUL AND JOLLY
TO GREET A FELLER
WHEN I GOT HOME!
AND THERE YOU ARE!
—TOOTHACHE AGAIN!
—I DO CALL IT HARD
UPON A FELLER—PRE-
CIOUS HARD!"

A HARD CASE.

1878.



1878.

TRIUMPH OF ART.

"AND NOW MA'AM, I HOPE THAT'LL PLAZE YE; SHURE THERE'S NIVER A SOUL
AS WOULD THINK IT WAS YOUR OWN HAIR!"



1878.

A SEASONABLE GIFT OF NATURE.

Hostess, *formed for her dinners (to distinguished Guest).* "I HOPE YOU ARE HUNGRY, SIR JAMES!"
Distinguished Guest. "No, Mrs. SMYTHE, I AM NOT HUNGRY; BUT, THANK GOODNESS, I AM GREEDY!"



MISPLACED CHARITY.

1879.

ON COMING OUT OF CHURCH, GENERAL SIR TALBOT DE LA POER SANGRAZUL IS SO STRUCK BY THE BEAUTY OF THE AFTERNOON SKY, THAT HE FORGETS TO PUT ON HIS HAT, AND LADY JONES (WHO IS RATHER NEAR-SIGHTED) DROPS A PENNY INTO IT!



A GREAT DESIDERATUM.

1877.

A GREAT DESIDERATUM.

Fascinating, but frivolous Fair One.

"WHAT A PITY YOUR HUSBAND DOESN'T HAVE PLATE-GLASS PUT ON HIS PICTURES AS SOME PEOPLE DO!"

Hostess. "YOU THINK IT MAKES THE PICTURES RICHER IN TONE?"

Fascinating Fair One. "I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, BUT ONE CAN SEE ONE'S-SELF IN THEM, AT LEAST!"



A FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.

Mamma. "PAPA DEAR, THE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN ASKED TO THE WILLOUGHBY ROBINSONS' ON THE ELEVENTH, THE HOWARD JONES'S ON THE FIFTEENTH, AND THE TALBOT BROWNES' ON THE TWENTY-FIRST. THEY'LL BE DREADFULLY DISAPPOINTED IF YOU DON'T LET THEM GO! MAY I WRITE AND ACCEPT, DEAR PAPA?"

Dear Papa (savagely). "OH, JUST AS YOU PLEASE! BUT, AS JUVENILE PARTIES SHOULD ALWAYS BE TAKEN IN TIME, YOU HAD BETTER WRITE TO DR. SQUILLS TOO, AND TELL HIM TO CALL ON THE TWELFTH, SIXTEENTH, AND TWENTY-SECOND."

A FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.

1879.



A YOUNG HUMANITARIAN.

1887.

"OH, MAMMA, MAMMA, COULDN'T YOU INTERFERE? THERE'S A HORRID MAN SQUEEZING SOMETHING UNDER HIS ARM, AND HE IS HURTING IT SO!"



1877.

"ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK."

Gigantic Footman. "DID YOU RING, MA'AM?"

Tender-hearted and Impulsive Lady. "YES, THOMAS. YOU SEE THIS POOR KITTEN THE CHILDREN HAVE FOUND? IT IS MOTHER-LESS! GET SOME MILK, THOMAS! MEW LIKE ITS MOTHER!—AND FEED IT!"



PERPLEXING—VERY!

"MY DEAR ELIZA, SIR ARTHUR PILLINGTON IS THE MAN FOR YOUR COMPLAINT. SO CLEVER, AND A PERFECT GENTLEMAN. PRAY SEND FOR HIM!"

"SIR ARTHUR PILLINGTON, INDEED! WHY, HE NEARLY KILLED AN AUNT OF MINE! SEND FOR WILFRID JONES, ELIZA. TRUST ME, THERE'S NOBODY LIKE HIM. HE LISTENS TO EVERY SYMPTOM!"

"NO, NO, ELIZA. LISTEN TO ME. I KNOW A LITTLE MAN IN HAMMERSMITH, WHO SAVED MY POOR GRANDMOTHER'S LIFE WHEN EVERY OTHER DOCTOR HAD——"

"HAMMERSMITH! NONSENSE! I DON'T BELIEVE IN ANY ENGLISH DOCTORS! LET ME BRING HERR SCHWARTZMÜLLER TO YOU, MY DEAR ELIZA. HE——"

"MY DEAR ELIZA, HAVE YOU LIVED ALL THESE YEARS WITHOUT KNOWING THAT DR. THURPP ROBINSON, THE HOMOEOPATHIC ALLOPATH, IN BERMONDSEY, IS THE ONLY PHYSICIAN IN LONDON WHO——" &c., &c., &c.

1882.

PERPLEXING—VERY!

3—N



NOT TO BE BEATEN.

1873.

Mrs. Brown (whose Daughter has just been performing admirably on the Piano-Forte). "DO YOUR DAUGHTERS PLAY, MRS. JONES?"
Mrs. Jones (whose four Daughters have only been listening). "No." *Mrs. Brown. "SING?"* *Mrs. Jones. "No."*
Mrs. Brown. "PAINT IN WATER-COLOURS?" *Mrs. Jones. "No. WE GO IN FOR BEAUTY!"*



AN AWKWARD COMPLIMENT.

1872.

Mrs. Flirtington (coquettishly). "I'M AFRAID YOU ARE BORED, MR. AMORET! YOU WOULD SOONER BE WALKING WITH SOME YOUNG LADY!"
Mr. Amoret (with native Readiness and Gallantry). "O NO, INDEED, MRS. FLIRTINGTON. I—I—I MUCH PREFER THE OLDER ONES!"

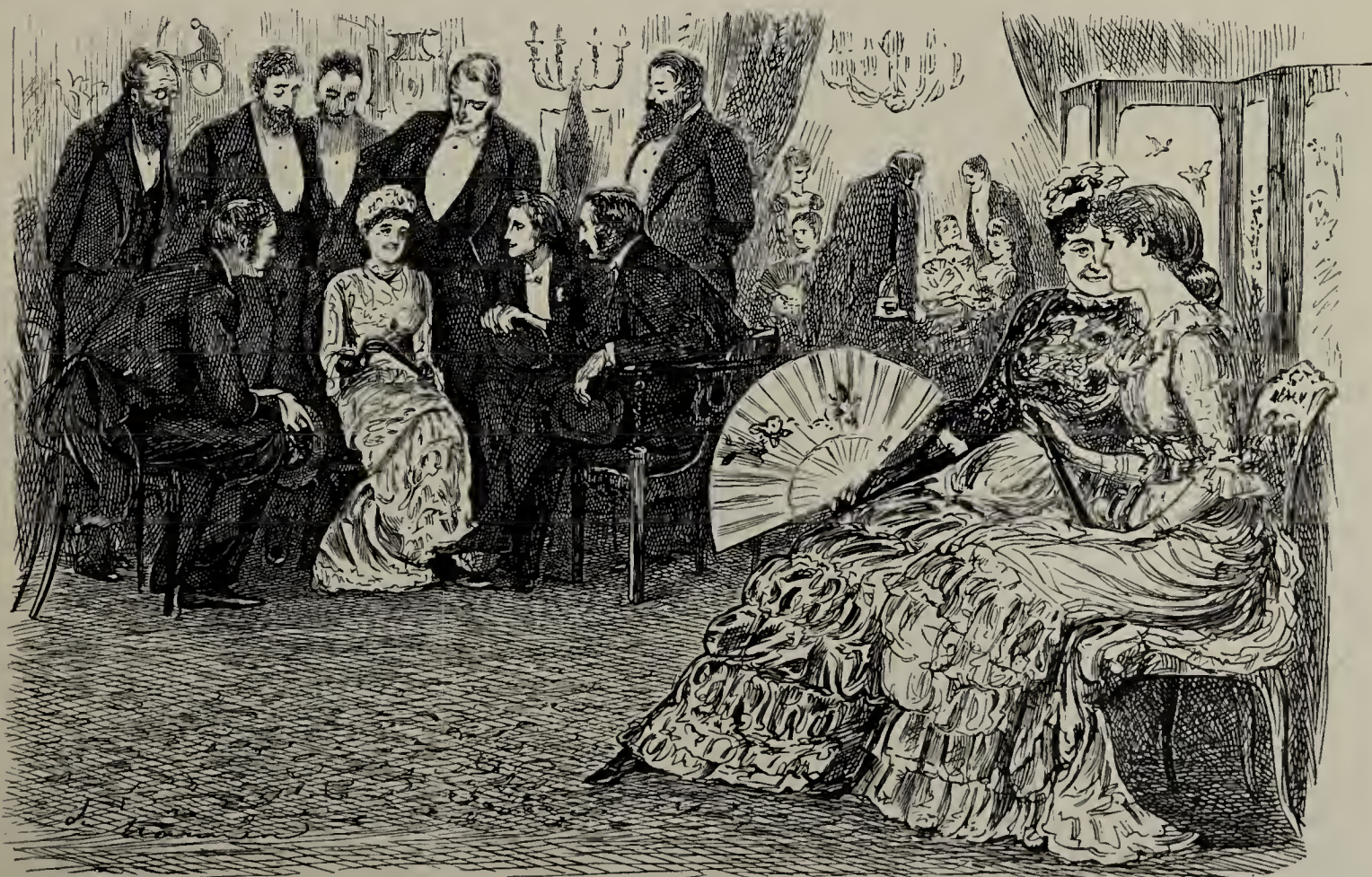


PLEASANT!

1883.

Lord Reginald Sansdenier (in answer to confidential remark of his Host). "TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH OF PLATE ON THE TABLE, SIR GORGIUS? I WONDER YOU AIN'T AFRAID OF BEING ROBBED!"

Sir Gorgius Midas. "ROBBED, MY LORD! GOOD 'EVENS! I'M SURE YER LORDSHIP'S TOO HONNERABLE HEVEN TO THINK OF SUCH A THING!"

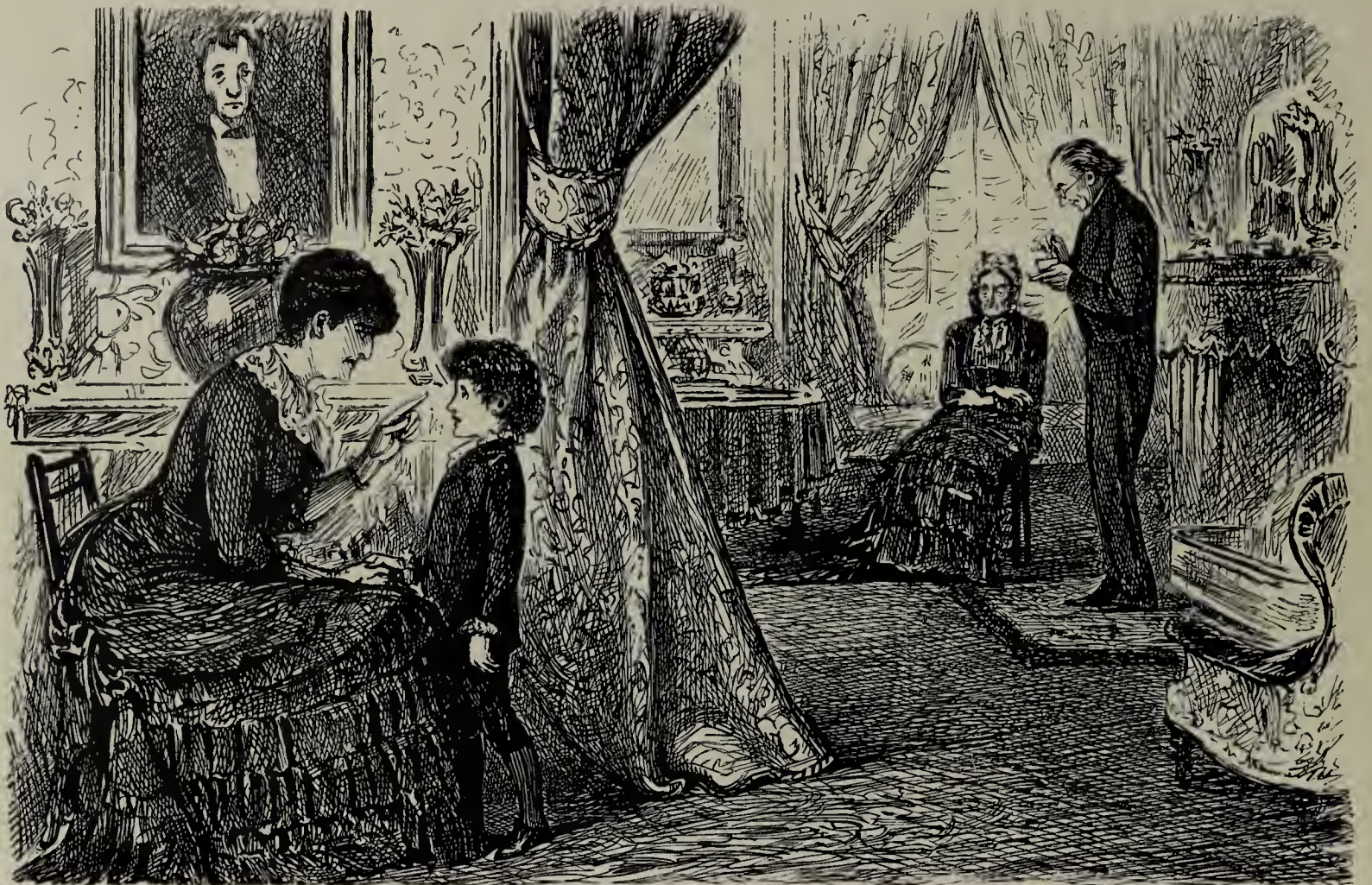


A REBUKE.

1882.

Fair Bride of Nineteen Summers. "WHAT CAN THEY ALL SEE IN HER? I'M SURE SHE'S OVER THIRTY; AND NO WOMAN IS WORTH LOOKING AT AFTER THAT!"

Matron (age unknown). "NOR WORTH SPEAKING TO BEFORE, MY DEAR!"



ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE!

1883.

Mamma (a Widow of considerable personal attractions). "I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, TOMMY. YOU SAW THAT GENTLEMAN TALKING TO GRANDMAMMA IN THE OTHER ROOM. WELL, HE IS GOING TO BE YOUR NEW PAPA. MAMMA'S GOING TO MARRY HIM!"

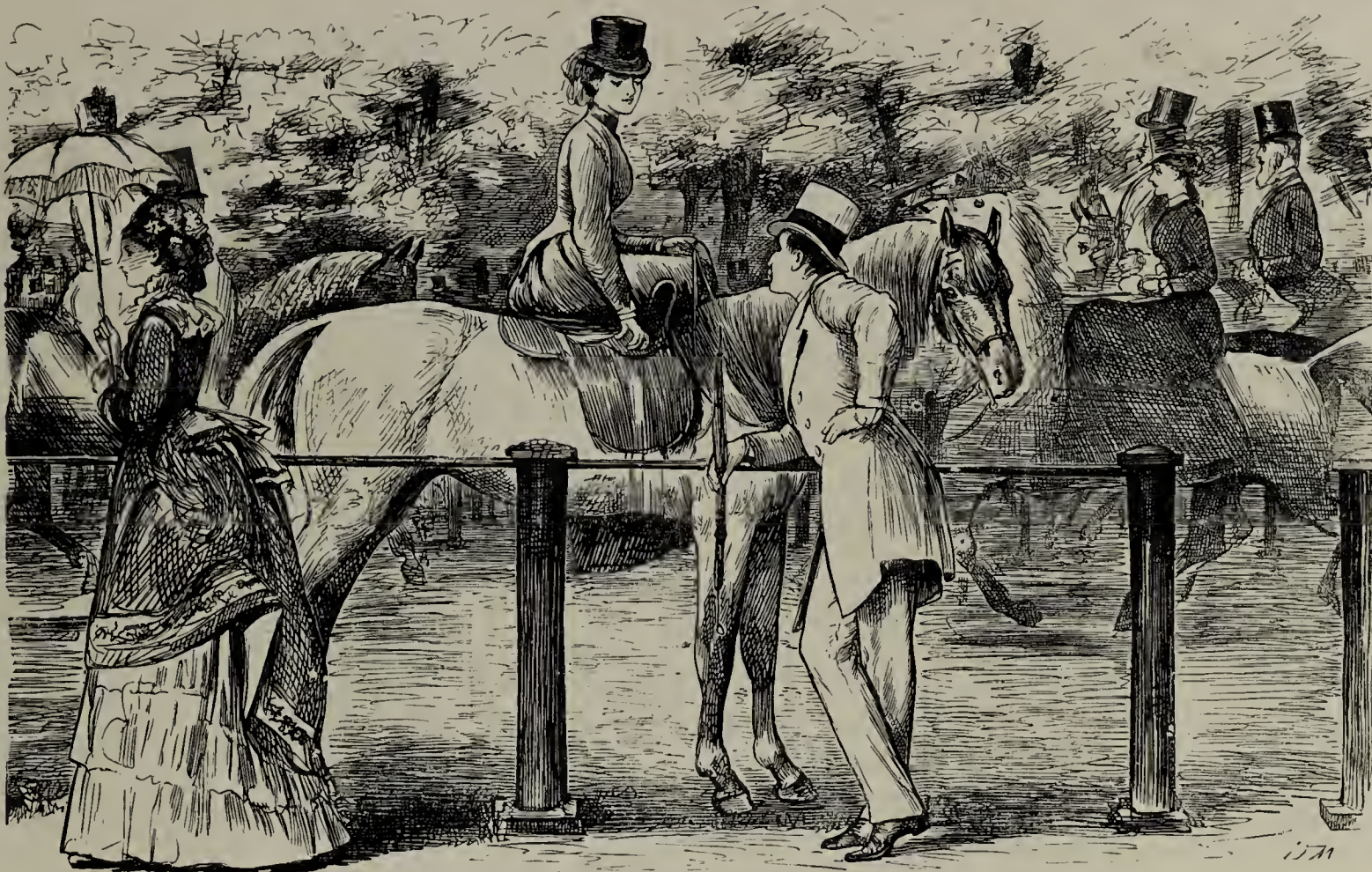
Tommy (who recollects something of the life his old Papa used to lead). "D-D-DOES HE KNOW IT YET, MAMMA?"



TAKING IT FOR GRANTED.

1872.

Engaging Photographer. "JUST LOOK A LITTLE PLEASANT, MISS! THINK OF 'M!'"



1873.

WHAT LONDON CRUSHES ARE COMING TO.

"BY THE BYE, LADY CROWDER, HAVE YOU MET THE PARTINGTONS LATELY?"

"NOT FOR AN AGE! THEY WERE AT MY BALL LAST NIGHT, BUT I DIDN'T SEE THEM. BY THE WAY, DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE THERE, CAPTAIN SMYTHE?"

"O, YES! ENJOYED MYSELF IMMENSELY!"

"SO GLAD!"



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

1873.

AGGRAVATING
FLIPPANCY.

Flippant Lady.
"YOU SEEM DEPRESSED, MR. BEAU-CLERC! NO BAD NEWS, I HOPE?"

Romantic Gentleman. "AH! IF ONE COULD ONLY FORGET!"

Flippant Lady.
"DEAR ME! HADN'T YOU BETTER TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT? AND I'LL FORGET IT FOR YOU!"



FELINE AMENITIES.

1885

"THAT'S YOUR FRIEND, CAPTAIN MASHAM, THAT EVERYBODY SAYS IS SO AGREEABLE! HE TOOK ME IN TO DINNER LAST NIGHT AT SIR JOHN ROBINSON'S, AND ALL BUT TURNED HIS BACK ON ME THE WHOLE TIME!"

"PERHAPS HE'D GOT A *PRETTY WOMAN* ON HIS OTHER SIDE!"



ANNALS OF A QUIET WATERING-PLACE.

Lady Visitor. "OH, THAT'S YOUR VICAR, IS IT? WHAT SORT OF VICAR IS HE?"

Lady Resident. "OH, WELL, MIDDLING! HIGH CHURCH DURING THE SEASON, YOU KNOW, AND LOW ALL THE REST OF THE YEAR!"



AMENITIES OF THE HONEYMOON.

1876.

"DON'T MOVE, DARLING!—I'M SO COMFORTABLE, AND YOUR HEAD IS SO SOFT!!"



INFORMAL INTRODUCTIONS.

1879.

Apple-Coster. "HERE YOU ARE, GENTS! ALL FOUR OF 'EM SWEET AND FRESH AS CAN BE!"



EXPERIENTIA DOCET?

1885.

Wife of Two Years' Standing. "OH YES! I'M SURE HE'S NOT SO FOND OF ME AS AT FIRST. HE'S AWAY SO MUCH NEGLECTS ME DREADFULLY, AND HE'S SO CROSS WHEN HE COMES HOME. WHAT SHALL I DO?"

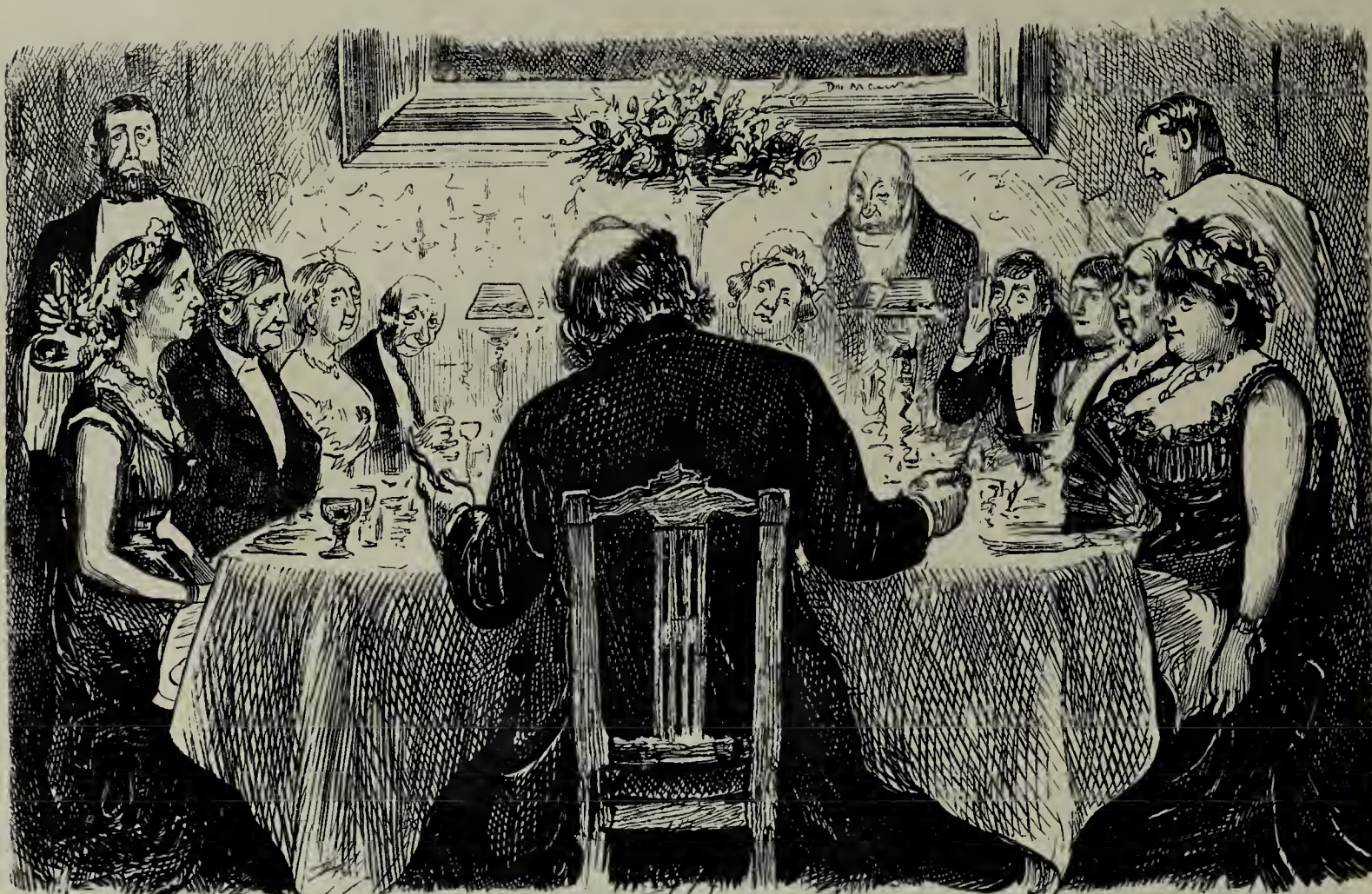
Widow. "FEED THE BRUTE!"



THE DOLLY VARDEN FAREWELL KISS.

1871.

A DELIGHTFUL OPERATION, BUT A DIFFICULT ONE TO PERFORM SUCCESSFULLY.



1879.

WHO SHALL SAY THE RACE OF BRILLIANT TALKERS IS EXTINCT?

Festive Host (confidentially, to Lady on his right). "IT HAS CONSTANTLY SUGGESTED ITSELF TO ME, MRS. BROWN, THAT—ER—THAT THE REASON WHY THE *WEATHER*—ER—AFFORDS SO FRUITFUL A TOPIC OF CONVERSATION AMONGST ENGLISH PEOPLE, IS—ER—IS THAT THE *ENGLISH CLIMATE* IS SUBJECT TO—ER—TO RAPID *VARIATIONS*, WHICH CANNOT BE *FORESEEN*, SO TO SPEAK!"

The Same (to Lady on his left, also confidentially). "AS I WAS JUST OBSERVING TO MRS. BROWN, IT HAS FREQUENTLY OCCURRED TO MY MIND, MRS. JONES, THAT—ER—THAT THE REASON WHY—ER—WHY THE *WEATHER*, IN SHORT, FURNISHES SO INEXHAUSTIBLE A THEME OF DISCUSSION TO—ER—TO BRITISH PEOPLE, IS—ER—NO DOUBT—ER—THAT THE *CLIMATE* OF THE BRITISH ISLES IS *LIABLE*, SO TO SPEAK, TO—ER—TO SUDDEN *MUTATIONS*, WHICH WE CANNOT CALCULATE UPON BEFOREHAND!"

The Same (loud, across the table, to festive Hostess). "MY LOVE—ER—AS I WAS ONLY JUST OBSERVING TO MRS. BROWN, AND—ER—TO MRS. JONES, IT HAS *FREQUENTLY*, AND *INDEED CONSTANTLY*, SUGGESTED ITSELF TO MY MIND, THAT THE REASON WHY—ER—WHY THE —THE *WEATHER*, IN POINT OF FACT, SHOULD—ER—SHOULD FURNISH SO FRUITFUL A TOPIC OF DISCUSSION, AND AFFORD SO INEXHAUSTIBLE A THEME OF CONVERSATION AMONGST—ER—AMONGST THE INHABITANTS OF THE BRITISH ISLES, MAY—ER—MAY POSSIBLY BE OWING TO THE PECULIARITY THAT THE—ER—WELL, THE *CLIMATE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM* IS *LIABLE*, AND *SUBJECT*, SO TO SPEAK, TO SUDDEN *VARIATIONS*, WHICH CANNOT BE CALCULATED UPON *BEFOREHAND*, AND TO—ER—TO *RAPID MUTATIONS*, IN SHORT, WHICH—ER—WHICH WE CANNOT—ER—*FORESEE*!"



1877

TOO GOOD-LOOKING BY HALF!

ENTER GENTLEMAN-HELP IN ANSWER TO ADVERTISEMENT. THE GIRLS SEE THAT HE WILL DO, AT A GLANCE. IT TAKES MATERFAMILIAS EXACTLY THE SAME TIME TO ARRIVE AT THE PRECISELY OPPOSITE CONCLUSION, AND, WITH COMMENDABLE PRUDENCE, SHE EVENTUALLY SELECTS ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN WHO MAY BE DIMLY DESCRIBED WAITING IN THE HALL.



1877.

SNOBBINGTON AND SHODD.

Lady Snobbington (née Shodd). "Ah! how do you do, HERR SCHULTZ? I WANT YOU TO DINE WITH ME ON TUESDAY NEXT."

Herr Schultz, the great Philosopher (whose acquaintance with her Ladyship is of the slightest). "YOU ARE FERY VRENTLY, MADAM! BERMIT ZAT I INTRODUCE TO YOU MADAM SCHULTZ."

Lady Snobbington (who thinks great Philosophers are all very well, but doesn't want to be bothered with their womankind). "A—DELIGHTED, I'M SURE! MADAM SCHULTZ, I WANT THIS DEAR CLEVER HUSBAND OF YOURS TO DINE WITH ME, AND MEET THE DUCHESS OF CLAPHAM, AND THE BISHOP OF LOUGHBOROUGH, AND MY SISTER-IN-LAW, LADY GUINEVRE MOSELEY, YOU KNOW,—AND YOU WILL SPARE HIM TO US FOR ONE EVENING, WON'T YOU?"

Madam Schultz. "OH, CERTAINLY, IF HE WISHES IT."

Herr Schultz (in his innocence of the ways of Shodds and Snobbingtons). "YOU ARE FERY VRENTLY, MADAM! POT ZESE LATIES ZAT YOU MENTION, ZEY ARE ZEN PERHAPS NOT EXACTLY RESPECTABLE, ZAT YOU HAF NOT ALSO INVITED MY WIFE?"



A FORLORN HOPE.

1876.

The Dowager. "Now you've got all the girls off your hands so successfully, except poor Maria, you ought to give her a chance."

My Lord. "Yes—a—give a ball—a—or a garden party—a—"

My Lady. "Oh, poor Maria's not worth a ball—nor even a garden party. We might give an *Afternoon Tea*!"



NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.

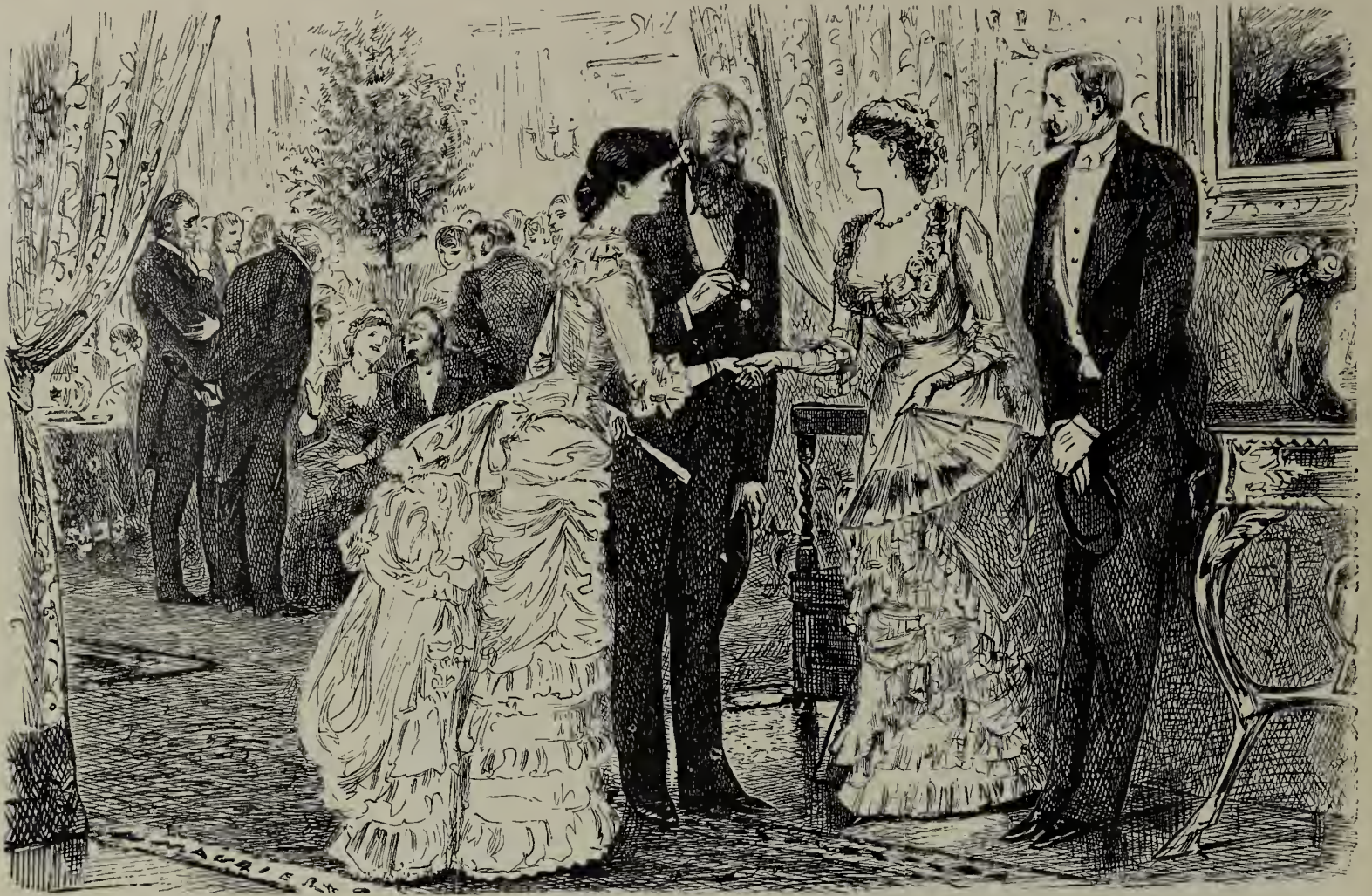
1878.

NOT QUITE THE
SAME THING.

Small Child (whose favourite Aunt is "engaged"). "GRANDMA, WHERE IS AUNTIE MAY?"

Grandmamma. "SHE IS SITTING IN THE LIBRARY WITH CAPTAIN HERBERT, MY DEAR."

Small Child (after a moment's thought). "GRANDMA, COULDN'T YOU GO AND SIT IN THE LIBRARY WITH CAPTAIN HERBERT, AND AUNTIE MAY COME AND PLAY WITH ME?"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1882.

Amiable Hostess. "WHAT! MUST YOU GO ALREADY? REALLY, PROFESSOR, IT'S TOO BAD OF THIS SWEET YOUNG WIFE OF YOURS TO CARRY YOU OFF SO EARLY! SHE ALWAYS DOES!"

Professor. "NO, NO, NOT ALWAYS, MRS. BRIGHT! AT MOST HOUSES I POSITIVELY HAVE TO DRAG HER AWAY!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1887.

She. "NO! I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANOTHER DANCE. BUT I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE ROOM!"

He. "BUT I DON'T WANT TO DANCE WITH THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE ROOM. I WANT TO DANCE WITH YOU!"



"SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."—THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1883.

"WE'VE HAD SUCH A PLEASANT EVENING, MR. JONES! MAY I BEG OF YOU TO ASK ONE OF YOUR SERVANTS TO CALL A HANSON?"

"WITH PLEASURE, MRS. SMITH!"

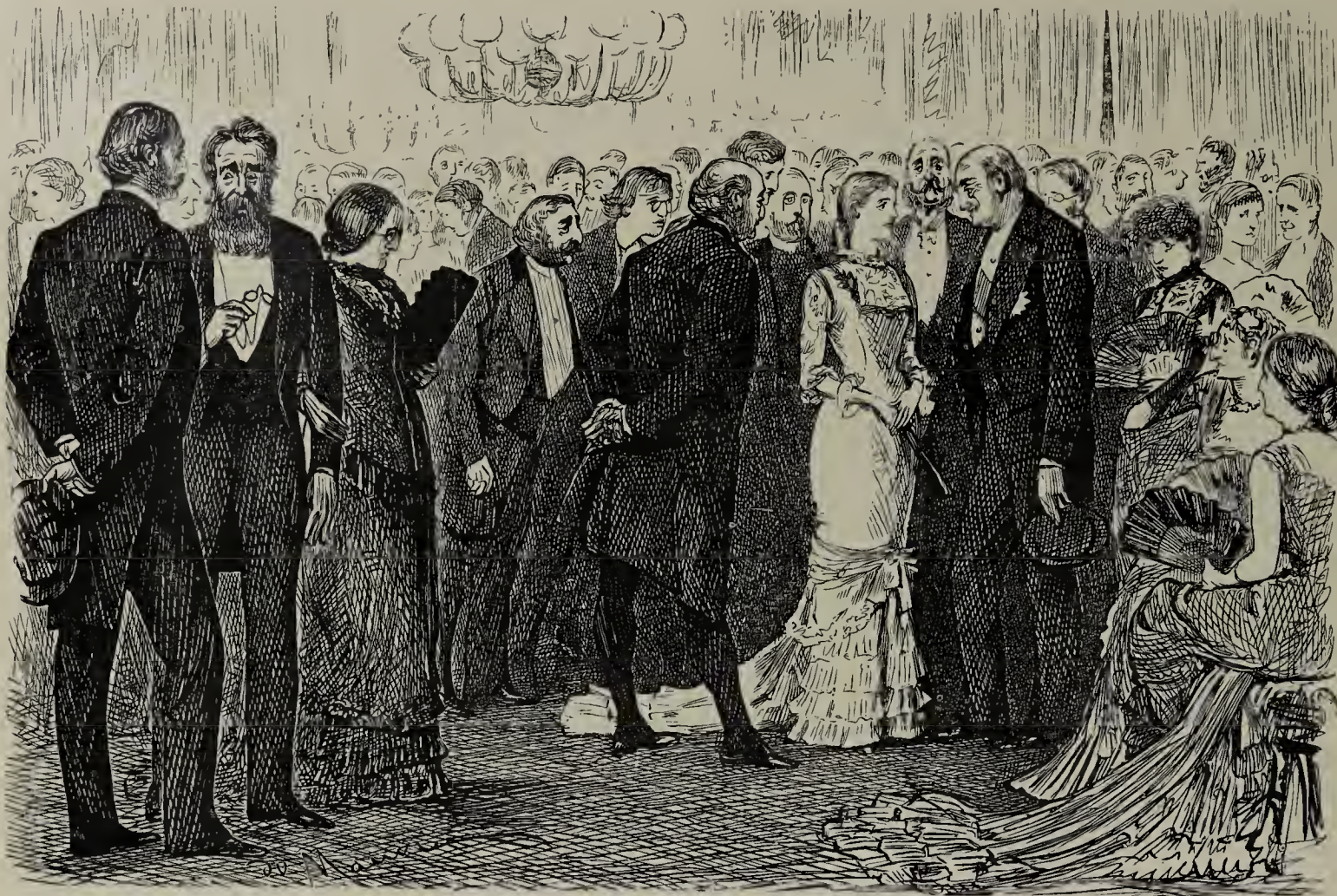


THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1886.

Hostess (who has just sung). "ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU DON'T SING, CAPTAIN LOVELL?"

Captain Lovell. "I ASSURE YOU—A—I'VE NO VOICE WHATEVER. A—UNFORTUNATELY, I—I'M A LISTENER!"



INVERTED MAXIMS.

1881.

INVERTED MAXIMS.

"In the good fortune of our best friends we always find something which is not pleasing to us."—*Rochevoucauld.*

Jim. "ULLO, JACK! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AN AGE, OLD MAN. TELL ME, WHO IS THAT LOVELY GIRL?"

Jack. "MISS BELLINGHAM GOLDMORE."

Jim. "WHAT, THE GREAT HEIRESS?"

Jack. "OH, IT'S ONLY TWENTY OR THIRTY THOUSAND A-YEAR! BUT SHE'S AS CLEVER AS SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, AND AS GOOD AS SHE'S CLEVER!"

Jim (who has lately married one of the Strong-minded Sisterhood). "I SAY! HE'S A LUCKY CHAP THAT GETS HER, HAY, OLD MAN?"

Jack. "I'M GLAD YOU THINK SO. SHE'S JUST ENGAGED TO BE MY WIFE!"

Jim. "!!!!!!"



"OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO!"

1875.

"OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO!"

(A fascinating young Irish Lady, with a lovely brogue, is warbling characteristic popular ditties in the Neapolitan dialect, encouraged thereto by the consciousness that her enraptured audience doesn't know a word of even ordinary Italian.)

Enthusiastic Youth. "HOW AWF'LY BEAUTAF'LY YOUR SISTER SINGS, MR. O'DOWD! HOW AWF'LY VIVIDLY SHE RECALLS TO ONE'S MIND THE—A—THE—THE CHIAJA, YOU KNOW,—AND VESUVIUS—AND—THE DEEP BLUE ITALIAN SKY!"

Mr. O'Dowd. "AH! THIN DOESN'T SHE, SOR! YE'VE BEEN IN ITALY, SOR?"

Enthusiastic Youth. "A—A—A—N—N—NO!"

Mr. O'Dowd. "NO MORE HAVE OI!—NO MORE HAS ME SISTER!"



DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

1875.

Maud (with much sympathy in her voice). "ONLY FANCY, MAMMA, UNCLE JACK TOOK US TO A PICTURE GALLERY IN BOND STREET, AND THERE WE SAW A PICTURE OF A LOT OF EARLY CHRISTIANS, POOR DEARS, WHO'D BEEN THROWN TO A LOT OF LIONS AND TIGERS, WHO WERE DEVOURING THEM!"

Ethel (with still more sympathy). "YES, AND MAMMA DEAR, THERE WAS ONE POOR TIGER THAT HADN'T GOT A CHRISTIAN!"



"FOR THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING."

1884.

Aunt Mary. "YOU HEARD THE VICAR PUBLISH THE BANS BETWEEN UNCLE GEORGE AND ELLEN THOMPSON?"

Ethel (who has never been present at this Ceremony before.) "YES—IT SEEMS RATHER A SHAME TO TELL EVERYBODY HOW OFTEN HE'D BEEN REFUSED, THOUGH!"



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

1875.

"DO YOU EVAN *WINK*, MISS EVANGELINE?" "DO I EVER *WHAT*, MR. SMYTHE?" " *WINK*?"
 "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR?" "WELL, *SKATE*, IF YOU PWEFER THE EXPRESSION!"



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

1873.

Matilda (who does not like being "*Wallflower*"). "YOU'VE NO *IDEA*, MAUD, HOW *UTTERLY* IDIOTIC YOU PEOPLE DANCING LOOK TO THOSE WHO SIT DOWN AND WATCH YOU!"

Maud. "I DARE SAY *NOT*, LOVE! I NEVER TRIED!"



A TREMENDOUS SELL.

1874.

A TREMENDOUS SELL.

Fidgety Old Bachelor (who hates Juvenile Parties, and has come two Hours later than he was asked, so as to avoid the Children). "SO SORRY TO BE LATE—I'M DREADFULLY AFRAID I'VE MISSED ALL THE DARLING LITTLE ONES!"

Lively Hostess. "O DEAR, NO. OUR SUPPER HAS BEEN PUT OFF TWO HOURS. THE DARLING LITTLE ONES ARE HAVING TEA, BUT THEY'LL BE DOWN DIRECTLY FOR 'SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'; SO YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO HELP US CLEAR THE ROOM, AND JOIN IN A REGULAR ROMP!"



A RISING GENIUS.

1878.

Young Lady (in course of conversation). "YOU'VE READ PENDENNIS, OF COURSE?"

Fashionable Scribbler (who is, however, quite unknown to fame). "A—PENDENNIS! AH!—LET ME SEE! THAT'S THACKERAY'S, ISN'T IT? NO, I'VE NOT. THE FACT IS, I NEVER READ BOOKS—I WRITE THEM!"



"THOUGHT IS FREE."—*The Tempest*.

1871.

Miss Minerva Bristlington (fiercely). "'HONOUR AND OBEY,' INDEED! HA! HA! I SHOULD JUST LIKE TO SEE A MAN ASK ME TO 'HONOUR AND OBEY' HIM!"

[*"I've no doubt you'd like to see him VERY MUCH INDEED!" thought the two Miss Marigolds—but they didn't say so.*]



FLIPPANCY.

FLIPPANCY.

Captain Jinks. "WHO IS THE BENEVOLENT-LOOKING GENTLEMAN JUST COMING IN?"

Mrs. Malapert. "MRS. WITHERINGTON MILDEU, THE FAMOUS ADVOCATE FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS."

Captain Jinks. "HA, HA! VERY GOOD! BUT I MEAN THE LITTLE MAN, WITH THE VELVET COLLAR."

Mrs. Malapert. "O, I BEG YOUR PARDON—THAT'S HER HUSBAND. HE'S A MOST LADY-LIKE PERSON, AND CONSIDERED RATHER PRETTY."

1871.



1874.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.

"MAMMA, SHALL YOU LET ME GO TO THE WILKINSONS' BALL, IF THEY GIVE ONE, THIS WINTER?"

"NO, DARLING!"

(A pause.)

"YOU'VE BEEN TO A GREAT MANY BALLS, HAVEN'T YOU, MAMMA?"

"YES, DARLING,—AND I'VE SEEN THE FOLLY OF THEM ALL."

(Another pause.)

"MIGHTN'T I JUST SEE THE FOLLY OF ONE, MAMMA?"

[A very long pause.]



1883.

ANNALS OF A RETIRED SUBURB.

THE MONTGOMERY-JONSES CELEBRATE THEIR WEDDING-DAY BY GIVING A DINNER ON AN UNUSUALLY MAGNIFICENT SCALE TO SOME OF THEIR LONDON FRIENDS. UNFORTUNATELY, AN UNEXPECTED CHANGE IN THE WEATHER DURING THE AFTERNOON HAS MADE THE ROAD UP THE HILL RATHER HEAVY, SO THAT THE LONDON FRIENDS OMIT TO TURN UP.



COMPLIMENTS.

1873.

Hostess (wishing to be polite). "GOOD EVENING, MR. LOVIBOND! SO SORRY YOUR WIFE COULDN'T COME TOO!"

Host (wishing to be politier). "NOBODY HERE IS LIKELY—HAW—TO REGRET MRS. LOVIBOND'S ABSENCE HALF SO MUCH—HAW—AS MR. LOVIBOND DOES!"



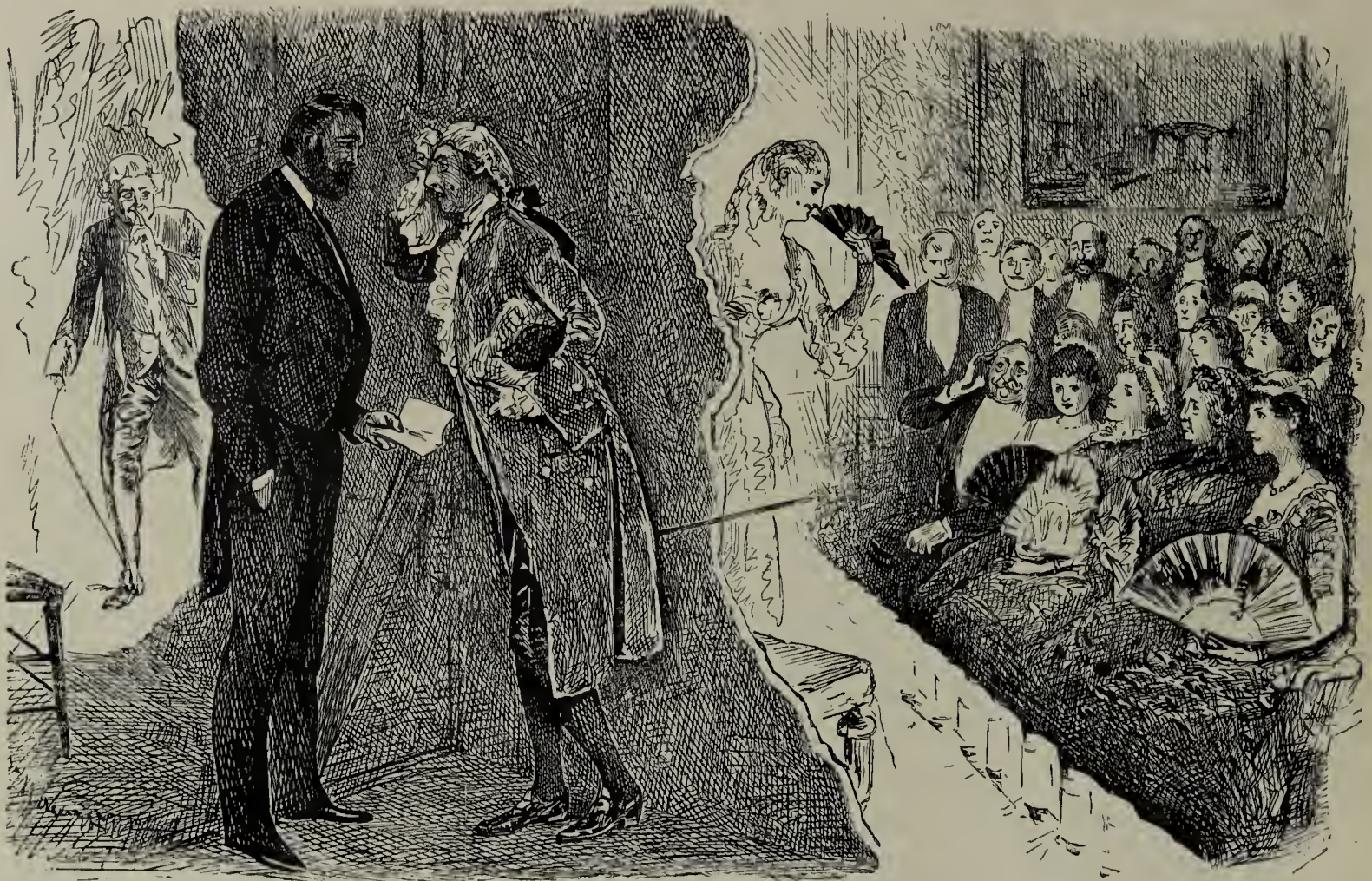
"WE ALL EXPECT A GENTLE ANSWER"

ETC.—SHAKSPEARE.

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns writes:—"MY DEAR MRS. TALBOT BROWNE, WE ARE SO DREADFULLY DISTRESSED; BUT A HORRID PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT PREVENTS US FROM ACCEPTING YOUR QUITE TOO DELIGHTFUL INVITATION TO DINNER ON THE——" (*Viva voce.*) "PONSONBY!"—"YES, MY LOVE."—"WHAT DAY WAS IT THOSE TALBOT BROWNES' PEOPLE ASKED US FOR?"—"THE FIFTEENTH, MY LOVE."—"THIS MONTH, OR NEXT?"—"NEXT MONTH, MY LOVE." — (*Writes.*) "FIFTEENTH OF NEXT MONTH. I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW WRETCHED WE BOTH ARE IN CONSEQUENCE; AND WITH OUR KINDEST REGARDS TO YOU BOTH, &C., &C., &C."

"WE ALL EXPECT A GENTLE ANSWER," Etc.—Shakspeare.

1879.



THINGS TO BE LIVED DOWN.

1882.

Distinguished Amateur (much pleased with himself as the *Wicked Marquess*). "PHEW! WELL, I WASN'T SO VERY BAD, OLD MAN, WAS I?"
Author (Prompter, Stage Manager, &c.). "WELL, MY DEAR FELLOW, I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW HOW BAD YOU CAN BE!"



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

1882.

Musical Maiden. "I HOPE I AM NOT BORING YOU, PLAYING SO MUCH?"
Enamoured Youth. "OH NO! PRAY GO ON! I—I'D SO MUCH SOONER HEAR YOU PLAY THAN TALK!"



DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

1884.

DIFFERENT EFFECTS
OF SHYNESS.

(It causes Wilson to forget the Names of Things, Places, and People he is talking about, and thereby robs his Conversation of much of the Charm and Interest it would otherwise possess).

"ER — AHM — ER — THERE'S REALLY NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES! FOR INSTANCE, THERE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, A WELL-KNOWN MAN, CALLED — ER — HIS NAME ESCAPES ME JUST NOW — ANYHOW HE'S BY PROFESSION A — A — A — I DON'T RECOLLECT AT PRESENT THE PRECISE NATURE OF HIS OCCUPATION — BUT HIS OFFICE, OR HIS PLACE OF BUSINESS, OR WHATEVER IT IS, IS IN — IN — I FORGET THE EXACT STREET — ER — ER — WHEREAS HIS PRIVATE RESIDENCE IS NEAR — NEAR — DEAR ME! WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE SQUARE — I'VE GOT IT ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE! — WELL, AT ALL EVENTS, IT STRUCK ME AS VERY ODD IN THAT KIND OF MAN, HIS BUSINESS BEING WHAT AND WHERE IT IS, THAT HE HIMSELF SHOULD RESIDE — ER — ER — WHERE HE DOES, YOU KNOW!"

[Anecdote falls rather flat.]



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

1881.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
OF
PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

Aunt. "AND NOW, HOW MANY SITTINGS SHALL YOU REQUIRE OF MY NIECE, MR. SPARKS?"

Our Artist (a modest but most inflammable youth). "OH, NOT MORE THAN THIRTY OR FORTY, OR PERHAPS FIFTY, — WE WILL SAY SIXTY IF YOU LIKE, OR SEVENTY — AT ALL EVENTS EIGHTY OR NINETY AT THE UTMOST, OR —"

Aunt. "GOOD HEAVENS! WHY, YOU PAINTED ME IN FOUR!"

Our Artist. "NO! — DID I REALLY THOUGH? AH, BUT I CAN SEE AT A GLANCE THAT YOUR NIECE'S EXPRESSION WILL BE PARTICULARLY DIFFICULT TO CATCH, YOU KNOW!"



1881.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hostess. "WHAT, LEAVING ALREADY, MR. MIVERS! I'VE SCARCELY SEEN ANYTHING OF YOU THE WHOLE EVENING!"

Mr. Mivers (who goes in for the Courteous Manners of the Olden Time). "THAT, MADAM, IS ENTIRELY MY FAULT!"

[Exit gracefully, but remembers as he goes down-stairs that he meant to say "MISFORTUNE," not "FAULT."]



1888.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Margaret. "PRAY SIT DOWN. I'M SO SORRY MAMMA AND MY SISTERS ARE OUT!"

Shy Curate (who has called on Parish business). "OH, PRAY DON'T MENTION IT. ONE OF THE FAMILY IS QUITE ENOUGH!"



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PAINTER IN WATER-COLOURS.

1883.

Distinguished Amateur. "I—A—RUB OUT A GREAT DEAL. MOST OF MY EFFECTS ARE GOT BY THAT."

Old Sharle. "AH, CAPITAL PROCESS! ONLY YOU DON'T CARRY IT QUITE FAR ENOUGH!"



A DAMPER.

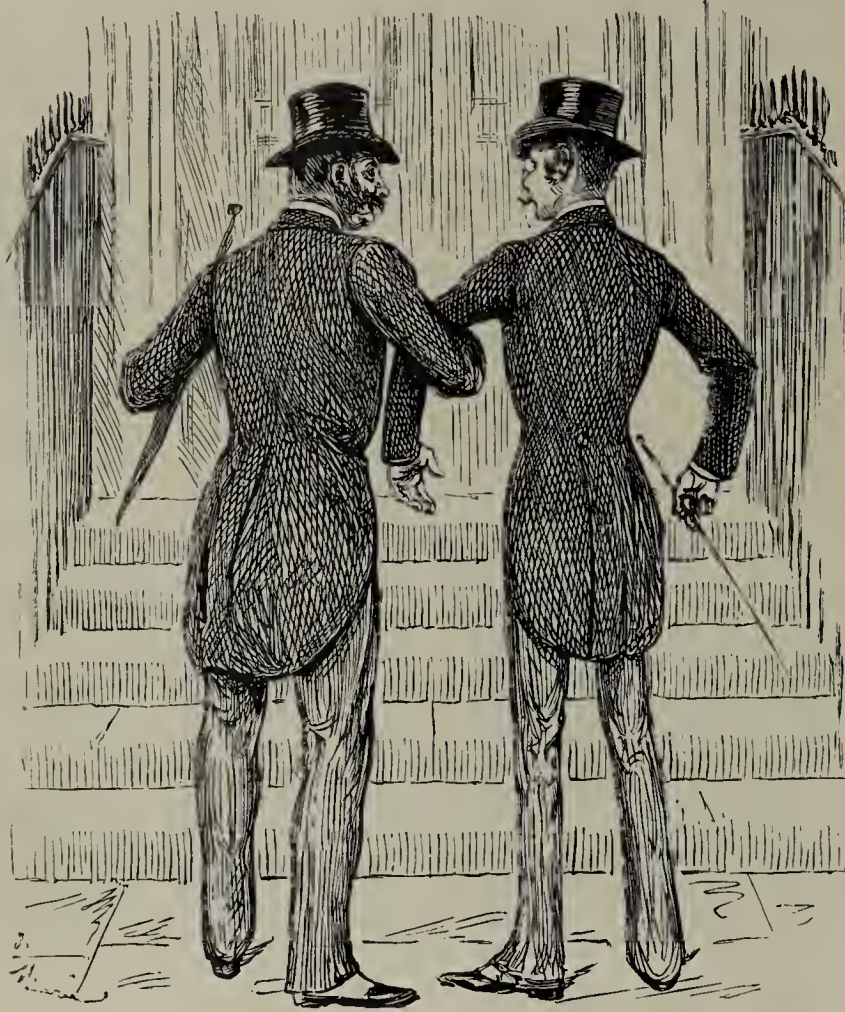
1876.

Boniface Brasenose (an amiable but æsthetic youth, exhibiting his Art-treasures). "THAT'S—A—A—MOTHER AND CHILD, A—A—FIFTEENTH CENTURY——"

Fashionable Lady. "I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT EARLIER!"

Boniface Brasenose. "A—MAY I ASK WHY?"

Fashionable Lady. "OH, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THEY COULD PAINT BETTER THAN THAT, SO LATE AS THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY!"



MAKING SURE.

"COME INTO THE CLUB, OLD MAN. I'VE GOT A BET ON THE RACE, AND IF I WIN, I'LL STAND A BOTTLE OF PIPER!"

"BUT IF YOU LOSE?"

"OH, WE'LL HAVE ONE TO KEEP OUR SPIRITS UP."

"BUT WE MAY BE TOO EARLY TO KNOW, YOU KNOW."

"OH, WELL, WE'LL HAVE ONE TO PASS THE TIME!"

"ALL RIGHT!"

MAKING SURE.

1883.



SOLEMN FUNCTIONS OF MASHERDOM.

1886.

THE CIGARETTE AND UMBRELLA DRILL.



LAST FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

1878.

"HULLOA, CHARLIE! WHAT'S THE MATTER? TRAINING FOR A RACE?"

"No, TOM. RACING FOR A TRAIN!"



1883.

SOME PEOPLE HAVE SUCH A PLEASANT WAY OF PUTTING THINGS.

"NOW DO LET ME PROPOSE YOU AS A MEMBER."

"BUT SUPPOSE THEY BLACKBALL ME?"

"POOH! ABSURD! WHY, MY DEAR FELLOW, THERE'S NOT A MAN IN THE CLUB THAT KNOWS YOU, EVEN!"



1882.

SOME PEOPLE GET SO SOON FAMILIAR.

Snookson. "ULLO, MONTY. HOW ARE YOU?"

Lord Montague Brabazon. "PRETTY WELL, THANKS, AND HOW ARE YOU?
—AND—A—WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1887.

Professor Chatterleigh. "BY GEORGE! I'M SO HUNGRY I CAN'T TALK!"

Fair Hostess (on hospitable thoughts intent). "OH, I'M SO GLAD!"



AN ENTHUSIASTIC PATRON OF ART.

1870.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC
PATRON OF ART.

(SCENE—The Lobby of the Royal Academy on the day of the Private View. The doors have just been opened.)

"WHAT, YOU HERE, CAPTAIN RAGGE?"

"YAAS! GOT A COUPLE OF HUNDRED POUNDS TO SPEND, AND THOUGHT I SHOULD LIKE TO BUY A PICTURE, YOU KNOW."

"O! INDEED? LET ME CHOOSE ONE FOR YOU."

"WILL YOU, REALLY? THA-ANKS! IN THAT CASE I SUPPOSE IT'S HARDLY NECESSARY FOR ME TO GO UP, AND I'LL SAY GOOD-BYE."



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

1874.

A CHOICE OF
EVILS.

Fascinating Widow.
"NOW THAT WE ARE ALONE, MR. SILVERTONGUE, AND LIKELY TO REMAIN UNDISTURBED FOR ANOTHER HALF-HOUR OR SO, I HAVE A VERY GREAT FAVOUR TO ASK OF YOU!"

Amateur Vocalist.
"PRAY—PRAY DO!"

Fascinating Widow.
"WILL YOU, WILL YOU SIT DOWN, TO THE PIANO, AND SING ME BEETHOVEN'S 'ADEL-AIDA' RIGHT THROUGH, FROM BEGINNING TO END, FIRST IN GERMAN, THEN IN ITALIAN, AND THEN IN ENGLISH? WILL YOU, MR. SILVERTONGUE?"

[Much flattered, the gifted warbler complies, and little dreams that the fair one's sole object in getting him to sing is to escape from the tedium of his conversation.]

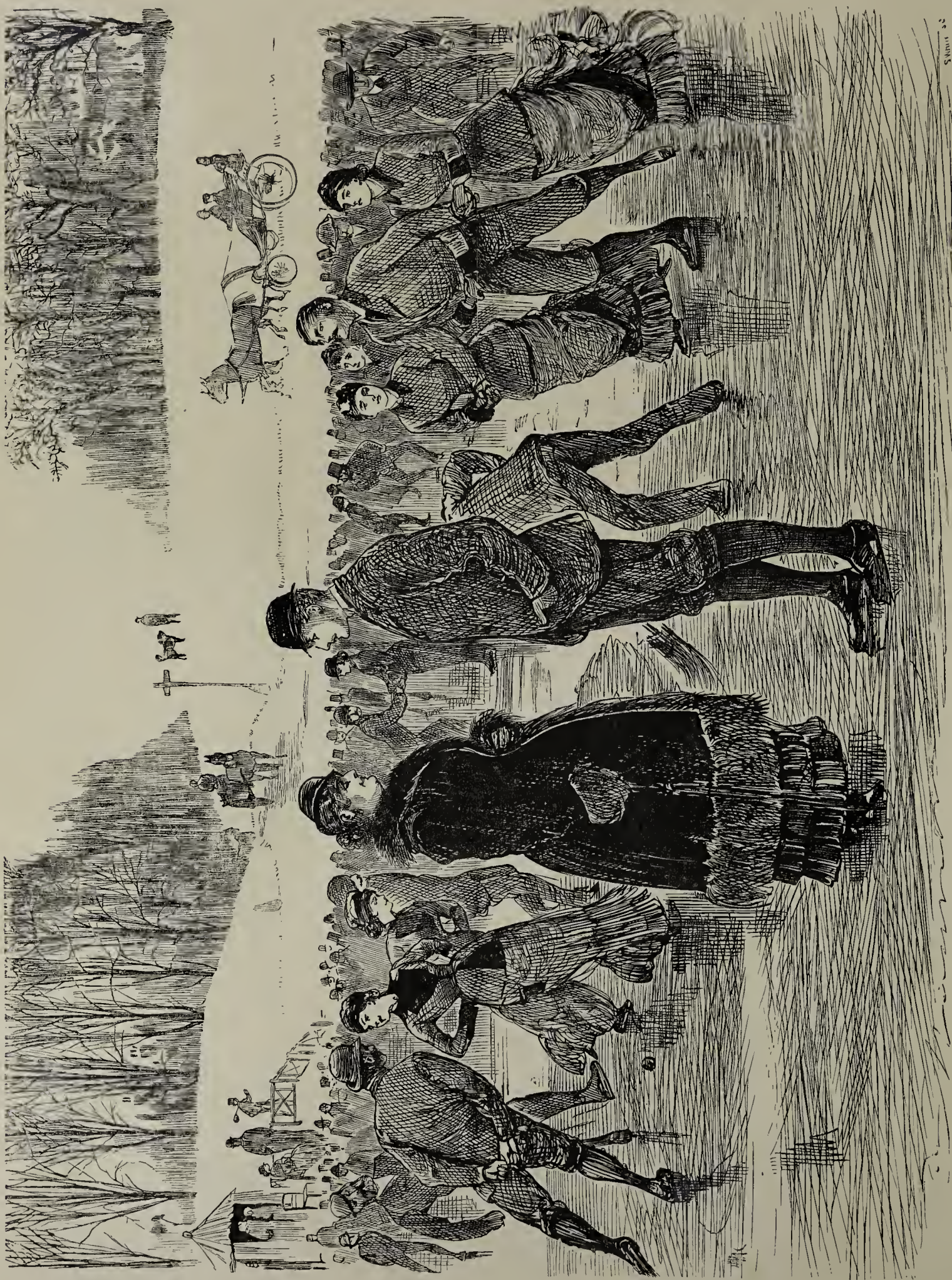


1876.

YOUNG, BUT PRACTICAL.

"WHAT! HARRY! NOT IN BED YET, AND IT'S NINE O'CLOCK! WHAT WILL PAPA SAY WHEN HE COMES HOME?"

"OH, PAPA! HE'LL SAY, 'SUPPER! SUPPER! WHAT'S FOR SUPPER?'"



MODEST ASSURANCE.

Young Smythe. "WHAT, NOT SKATING, MRS. MARRABLE?" Mrs. Marrable (a fascinating Widow of over nine-and-forty, but who doesn't look it). "No, I'M TOO OLD FOR THAT SORT OF THING." Young Smythe. "Too Old? WHAT DO YOU CALL 'TOO OLD,' MRS. MARRABLE?" Mrs. Marrable (modestly). "DON'T YOU CALL TWENTY-EIGHT TOO OLD, MR. SMYTHE? I DO!"



A HOME-THRUST.

1874.

"AH, BISHOP, WHAT A HEAVENLY SERMON THAT WAS OF YOURS LAST SUNDAY, ABOUT WORLDLINESS AND THE VANITIES OF FLESH!—IT NEARLY MADE ME CRY! AND I SAY, BISHOP, HOW HARD IT HIT YOU AND ME!!!"



A DISAPPOINTMENT.

1880.

Edwin. "DULL PAPER THIS MORNING, AIN'T IT, ANGY?"

Angelina. "YES! NOT A SOUL ONE KNOWS MENTIONED!—NOT EVEN IN THE DEATHS!"



FELINE AMENITIES.

1875.

"BY THE BYE, CLARA, I EXPECT A GREAT FRIEND OF MINE THIS AFTERNOON—MAJOR MINIVER."

"HORRID MAN! I CAN'T BEAR HIM."

"AND WHY, PRAY?"

"BECAUSE I KNOW HE *HATES* ME!"

"DOES HE, REALLY? I THOUGHT HE SCARCELY KNEW YOU?"



MUSIC AT HOME.

1872.

STUDY OF AN AMATEUR COMIC SINGER STRUGGLING WITH AN UNSYMPATHISING AUDIENCE.



POLITE FICTIONS.

Mrs. Brown. "DEAR ME, MRS. JONES, ARE THOSE TALL YOUNG LADIES REALLY YOURS? I HAD NO IDEA YOU HAD DAUGHTERS GROWN UP!"

Mrs. Jones (who is still possessed of considerable personal attractions). "OH, YES! I WAS MARRIED AT FIFTEEN, YOU KNOW! AND IS THAT YOUNG GENTLEMAN REALLY YOUR SON?"

Mrs. Brown (who is also possessed of ditto ditto). "YES—A—I WAS MARRIED AT TWELVE!"

1878.



FESTIVE HOUSE-KEEPING.

1876.

Daughter of the House (to her Cousin). "HAVEN'T YOU BEEN DOWN TO SUPPER BEFORE, CHARLES? I ASK BECAUSE WE HAVE ONLY RECKONED FOR ONE SUPPER EACH!"

[Charles has not yet touched a morsel, but his Fair Companion is coming down to supper for the Third time. Let us hope she takes the hint.]



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1886.

Caller. "ONLY FANCY, MRS. DOWDERLEY, I WAS VERY NEARLY CALLING ON YOUR NEIGHBOUR, LADY MASHAM, WHOSE DAY AT HOME IT IS TOO! WHEN I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED I WASN'T DRESSED FOR PAYING CALLS!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1888.

Lady of the House (archly). "MY HUSBAND'S NOT AT HOME, MR. GOODENOUGH. HE'S GONE TO CALL ON SOME PRETTY WOMEN OF HIS ACQUAINTANCE!"

Caller. "AH, I'VE GIVEN THAT UP LONG AGO!"



A MAN'S REVENGE.

1874.

OUR GALLANT, THOUGH MIDDLE-AGED, FRIEND, HAS GREAT PLEASURE IN INTRODUCING HIS *SECOND* LOVE (WHOM HE IS GOING TO MARRY NEXT WEEK) TO HIS *FIRST* (WHO JILTED HIM JUST A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO).



DIGNITY.

1881.

Pretty Cousin. "WELL, AND HOW DO YOU LIKE WOOLWICH, BOBBY?"

Bob Snooker (Gentleman Cadet). "OH, IT AIN'T BAD!"

Pretty Cousin. "AND WHEN DO YOU GO BACK?"

Bob. "A—AT WOOLWICH WE DON'T 'GO BACK,'—WE—A—JOIN!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1884.

"I WAS SO SORRY NOT TO BE AT HOME WHEN YOU CALLED, MR. BINKS!"

"OH, PRAY DON'T MENTION IT! IT DIDN'T MATTER IN THE LEAST, I CAN ASSURE YOU!"



STANDING ON CEREMONY.

1883.

STANDING ON
CEREMONY.

"THAT WAS A FUNNY STORY MR. DIXON TOLD, AUNT JESSIE — THE ONE THAT MADE YOU LAUGH SO MUCH, YOU KNOW!"

"YES. WHY DIDN'T YOU LAUGH, IDA?"

"OH, I DON'T KNOW MR. DIXON WELL ENOUGH!"



EGOISM

1882.

"COME HERE, DORA! I WANTS YOU!"

"THANK YOU, ERIC; BUT I WANTS MYSELF!"



BREAKING THE ICE.

1880.

Gallant Colonel (who has just been made a Grandfather, and can talk of nothing else). "DO YOU TAKE ANY INTEREST IN VERY YOUNG CHILDREN, MISS CRAUNCHER?"

Fair Authoress of "A Pair of Cavalry Mustaches," &c., &c., &c. "I LOATHE ALL CHILDREN!"



DEFINITION WANTED.

1873.

Aunt Maria. "AND SO, LAURY, YOU ENJOYED YOURSELF VERY MUCH AT THE BROWNS' PARTY. AND DID YOU *FLIRT* MUCH?"

Lawrence. "O DEAR, NO! ON THE CONTRARY, AUNT, I DANCED WITH THE SAME LITTLE GIRL THE WHOLE EVENING!"



TIT FOR TAT.

1879.

Mamma (to *Hamilton*, who has been put in the corner because he would not say "Please"). "YOU MAY COME OUT NOW, HAMILTON!"

Hamilton. "NOT TILL YOU SAY 'PLEASE,' MOTHER!"



A LUCID DIAGNOSIS.

1871.

A
LUCID DIAGNOSIS.

"WHY, JARVIS, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN SINCE CHRISTMAS? YOU SEE WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO DO WITHOUT YOU."

"WELL, MISS, TO TELL THE TRUTH, I WAS TOOK VERY HIN-DIFFERENT, AN' 'AD TO GO TO THE AWPITAL, WHERE I'VE BIN EVER SINCE!"

"AND WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH YOU?"

"WELL, MISS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY CALL IT; BUT THE YOUNG MEDICAL GENTLEMAN AS LOOKED AFTER ME, HE SAYS:—'WHAT YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR 'ED,' HE SAYS, 'IM AS LIES IN THE NEXT BED TO YOU, HE'VE GOT IN 'IS HIN-SIDE.'"



ANOTHER OF MR. JARVIS'S DIAGNOSES.

1871.

ANOTHER OF
MR. JARVIS'S
DIAGNOSES.

"O, GOOD MORNING, JARVIS. YOU'VE NOT BEEN ILL AGAIN?"

"NO, MISS; IT'S THE MISSIS HAVE BEEN TOOK INDIFFERENT THIS TIME!"

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HER?"

"WELL, MISS, THE YOUNG MEDICAL GENTLEMAN HE SAYS TO ME: 'WHY, JARVIS!' HE SAYS, 'YOUR MISSUS 'AVE GOT BRONCHITIS IN HEVERY BLESSED LIMB OF 'ER BODY!'"



"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

1888.

"BY THE BYE, I WISH YOU WOULD GET ME A CARD FOR THE DUCHESS OF BEAUMORRIS'S DANCE?"

"I'LL TRY. BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GET A COSTUME FROM HER, OR A BONNET, OR *SOMETHING*—AS SHE ONLY ASKS HER *CUSTOMERS*!"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

1885.

"BY THE WAY, ARE YOU DINING WITH THE MONTMORENCY BROWNS TO-NIGHT?"

"OH, HEAVENS! NOW I REMEMBER, THEY *DID* ASK ME TO DINE THERE TO-NIGHT!"

"WHAT—AND YOU FORGOT TO ANSWER?"

"OH, I ANSWERED FAST ENOUGH; BUT I'VE CLEAN FORGOTTEN WHETHER I ACCEPTED OR DECLINED!"



EFFUSIVENESS.

1884.

EFFUSIVENESS.

"OH! HOW DO YOU DO, MY DEAR MR. BROWN?"

"MY NAME IS JONES; BUT I'M PRETTY WELL, THANKS!"

"SO GLAD! AND HOW IS THAT LOVELY CHILD OF YOURS — TOMMY?"

"ITS NAME IS TOTTIE; BUT SHE'S PRETTY WELL, THANKS!"

"SO VERY GLAD! AND THAT SWEET LITTLE DOG, TOWZER?"

"ITS NAME IS JACK; BUT IT'S PRETTY WELL, THANKS!"



1879.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Grown-up Sister. "Oh, CHARLEY, IF YOU *MUST* GO AWAY, CAN'T YOU INTRODUCE ME TO ONE OF YOUR SCHOOLFELLOWS, TO LOOK AFTER ME TILL YOU COME BACK?"

Charley. "OH NO! IT WOULDN'T DO! IT WOULD BE SO *ROUGH* ON A FELLOW TO FAG HIM OUT LIKE THAT!"

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